

LUX·EX·TENEBRIS

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Glasgow Miscellany
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THE GLASGOW MISCELLANY
A
Select
COLLECTION

SCOTS & ENGLISH

SONGS

By Ramsay, Burns, Ferguson, & others.



GLASGOW

Printed & Sold by D. NIVEN
Bookseller Trongate.



THE
GLASGOW
MISCELLANY.

Tullochgorum.

BY A CLERGYMAN OF ABERDEEN.

*Fiddlers, your pins in temper fix,
And roset well your fiddlesticks,
But banish vile Italian tricks
Frae out your quorum;
Nor fortes wi' pianos mix—
Gie's Tullochgorum.*

FERGUSON.

COME gie's a sang, the lady cry'd,
And lay your disputes all aside,
What signifies 't for folks to chide
For what's been done before them?
Let Whig and Tory all agree,
Whig and Tory, Whig and Tory,
Let Whig and Tory all agree,
To drop their Whigmegmorum.
Let Whig and Tory all agree,
To spend this night with mirth and glee,
And cheerfu' sing along wi' me
The reel of Tullochgorum.

Tullochgorum's my delight,
 It gars us a' in ane unite,
 And ony sumph that keeps up spite,
 In conscience I abhore him.
 Blithe and merry we's be a',
 Blithe and merry, blithe and merry,
 Blithe and merry we's be a',
 And make a cheerfu' quorum.
 Blithe and merry we's be a',
 As lang's we ha'e a breath to draw;
 And dance till we be like to fa',
 The reel of 'Tullochgorum.

There needs na' be so great a phrase
 Wi' dringing dull Italian lays,
 I wad na' gi'e our ain Strathspays
 For half a hundred score o'em.
 They're douff and dowie at the best,
 Douff and dowie, douff and dowie,
 They're douff and dowie at the best,
 Wi' a' their variorum.
 They're douff and dowie at the best,
 Their allegro's, and a' the rest,
 They cannot please a Highland taste,
 Compar'd wi' 'Tullochgorum.

Let warldly minds themselves oppress,
 Wi' fear of want and double cefs,
 And silly fauls themselves distress
 Wi' keeping up decorum,

Shall we fae four and fulky fit,
 Sour and fulky, four and fulky,
 Shall we fae four and fulky fit,
 Like auld Philosophorum?
 Shall we fae four and fulky fit,
 Wi' neither fense, nor mirth, nor wit,
 And canna' rise to shake a fit
 At the reel of 'Tullochgorum.

May choicest blessings still attend
 Each honest hearted open friend,
 And calm and quiet be his end,
 Be a' that's good before him!
 May peace and plenty be his lot,
 Peace and plenty, peace and plenty,
 May peace and plenty be his lot,
 And dainties a great store o'em.
 May peace and plenty be his lot,
 Unstain'd by any vicious blot,
 And may he never want a groat
 That's fond of 'Tullochgorum.

But for the discontented fool,
 Who wants to be Oppression's tool,
 May Envy gnaw his rotten soul,
 And blackest fiends devour him.
 May dole and sorrow be his chance,
 Dole and sorrow, dole and sorrow,
 May dole and sorrow be his chance,
 And honest souls abhor him.

May dole and sorrow be his chance,
 And a' the ills that come frae France,
 Whoe'er he be that winna dance -
 The reel of Tullochgorum!

Chloe.

A FAVOURITE DUET.

FROM night till morn I take my glass,
 In hopes to forget my Chloe,
 But though I take the pleasing draught,
 She's ne'er the less before me.

Ah! no, no, no, wine cannot cure,
 The pain I endure for my Chloe.

To wine I flew to ease the pain,
 Her beauteous charms created;
 But wine more firmly bound the chain,
 And love would not be cheated:

Ah! no, no, no, wine cannot cure,
 The pain I endure for my Chloe.

The Heaving of the Lead.

BY DIBDIN.

FOR England, when, with fav'ring gale,
 Our gallant ship up channel steer'd, -
 And, scudding under easy sail,
 The high-blue western land appear'd:

To heave the lead the Seamen sprung,
 And to the *Pilot* cheerly sung,
 “*By the Deep—NINE!*”

And, bearing up—to gain the port,
 Some well-known object kept in view;
 An Abbey-tow’r, an Harbour-fort,
 Or Beacon, to the vessel true:
 While oft the lead the seamen slung,
 And to the *Pilot* cheerly sung,
 “*By the Mark—SEVEN!*”

And, as the much-lov’d shore we near—
 With transport we beheld the roof,
 Where dwelt a friend, or partner dear,
 Of faith and love a matchless proof!
 The lead once more the seaman slung,
 And to the watchful *Pilot* sung,
 “*Quarter-less—FIVE!*”

*Heigho! that I for Hunger should
 die!*

A VOYAGE over seas had not enter’d my
 head,
 Had I known on which side to have but-
 ter’d my bread.
 Heigho! sure I—for hunger must die!
 I’ve sail’d like a booby; come here in a
 squall,

Where alas! there's no bread to be but-
ter'd at all.

Oho! I'm a terrible booby!
Oh what a lost mutton am I!

In London, what gay chop-house signs in
the street!

But only the sign here is of nothing to eat.

Heigho! that I for hunger shou'd die!
My mutton's all lost, I'm a poor starving elf.
And all for the world like a lost mutton
myself.

Oho! I shall die a lost mutton!
Oh, what a lost mutton am I!

For a neat slice of beef, I cou'd roar like
a bull,

And my stomach's so empty, my heart is
quite full,

Heigho! that I—for hunger shou'd die!
But grave without meat, I must here meet
my grave,

For my bacon, I fancy, I never shall save.

Oho! I shall ne'er save my bacon!
I can't save my bacon, not I!

The Plough Boy.

A FLAXEN-headed cow-boy,
As simple as may be,

And next a merry plough boy,
 I whistl'd o'er the lea:
 But now a faucy footman,
 I strut in worsted lace,
 And soon I'll be a butler,
 And wag my jolly face.

When steward I'm promoted,
 I'll snip a tradesman's bill,
 My master's coffers empty,
 My pockets for to fill:
 When lolling in my chariot,
 So great a man I'll be;
 You'll forget the little plough boy
 That whistl'd o'er the lea.

I'll buy votes at elections;
 But when I've made the pelf,
 I'll stand poll for parliament,
 And then vote in myself:
 Whatever's good for me, Sir,
 I never will oppose;
 When all my ayes are sold off,
 Why, then I'll sell my noes.

I'll joke, harangue, and paragraph,
 With speeches charm the ear,
 And when I'm tired on my legs,
 Then I'll sit down a peer.

In court or city honour,
 So great a man I'll be,
 You'll forget the little plough boy
 That whistl'd o'er the lea.

Bright Phœbus.

BRIGHT Phœbus has mounted the char-
 riot of day,
 And the horns and the hounds call each
 sportsman away;
 Through meadows and woods with speed
 now they bound,
 Whilst health, rosy health, is in exercise
 found.

Hark away is the word to the sound of
 the horn,
 And echo, blithe echo, makes jovial the
 morn.

Each hill and each valley is lovely to view,
 While puss flies the covert and dogs quick
 pursue;
 Behold where she flies o'er the wide
 spreading plain,
 While the loud opening pack pursues her
 amain.

Hark away, &c.

At length puss is caught, and lies panting
for breath,

And the shout of the huntsman's the sig-
nal of death.

No joys can delight like the sports of the
field,

To hunting all pastime and pleasure must
yield.

Hark away, &c.

Logan Braes.

BY Logan's streams that runs fae deep,

Fu' aft wi' glee I've herded sheep—

Herded sheep, or gather'd slaes,

Wi' my dear lad on Logan braes.

But, waes my heart these days are gane,

And I wi' grief may herd alane,

While my dear lad maun face his faes,

Far, far frae me, or Logan braes.

Nae mair at Logan kirk will he

Atween the preachings meet wi' me—

Meet wi' me, or when its mirk,

Convoy me hame frae Logan kirk;

Well may I sing these days are gane,

Frae kirk or fair I come alane;

While my dear lad maun face his faes,

Far, far frae me, or Logan braes.

The Jovial Tars.

COME, come, my jolly lads!

The wind's a-baft;

Brisk gales our sails shall crowd,

Come bustle, bustle, boys,

Haul the boat;

The boat-swain pipes aloud;

The ship's unmoor'd,

All hands on board;

The rising gale,

Fills every sail,

The ship's well man'd and stor'd.

Then sling the flowing bowl—

Fond hopes arise—

The girls we prize

Shall bless each jovial soul:

The can, boys, bring—

We'll drink and sing,

While foaming billows roll.

Though to the Spanish coast

We're bound to steer,

We'll still our rights maintain;

Then bear a hand, be steady, boys,

Soon we'll see

Old England once again:

From shore to shore

While cannons roar,

Our tars shall show
 The haughty foe,
 Britannia rules the main.
 Then sling the flowing bowl, &c.

Dear Tom, this Brown Jug.

DEAR Tom, this brown jug that now
 foams with mild ale,
 Out of which I will drink to sweet Kate
 of the vale,
 Was once Toby Fillpot, a thirsty old soul,
 As e'er drank a bottle, or fathom'd a
 bowl;
 In bousing about 'twas his praise to excel,
 And among jolly toppers he bore off the
 bell.

It chanc'd, as in dog-days he sat at his
 ease,
 In his flow'r-woven arbour, as gay as you
 please,
 With a friend and a pipe, puffing sorrow
 away,
 And with honest old stingo was soaking
 his clay;
 His breath-doors of life on a sudden were
 shut,
 And he dy'd full as big as a Dorchester
 butt.

His body, when long in the ground it had
lain,

And time into clay had dissolv'd it again,
A potter found out, in its covert so snug,
And with part of fat Toby he made this
brown jug.

Now sacred to friendship, to mirth and
mild ale;

So here's to my lovely sweet Kate of the
vale.

Lochaber no More.

FAREWELL to Lochaber, and farewell
my Jean,

Where heartsome with thee I have mony
day been;

For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no
more,

We'll may be return to Lochaber no
more.

These tears that I shed they are a' for my
dear,

And no for the dangers attending on
weir;

Tho' bore on rough seas to a far bloody
shore,

May be to return to Lochaber no more.

Tho' hurricanes rise, and raise every wind,
They'll ne'er make a tempest like that in
my mind;

Tho' loudest of thunder on louder waves
roar,

That's naething like leaving my love on
the shore.

To leave thee behind me, my heart is fair
pain'd:

By ease that's inglorious no fame can be
gain'd;

And beauty and love's the reward of the
brave,

And I maun deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my Jeany, maun plead my
excuse;

Since honour commands me, how can I
refuse;

Without it I ne'er can have merit for
thee,

And without thy favour I'd better not be,
I gae then, my lass, to win honour and
fame,

And if I should luck to come gloriously
hame,

I'll bring a heart to thee with love run-
ning o'er,

And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber
no more.

Poor Jack.

GO patter to lubbers and fwabs d'ye see,
 'Bout danger, and fear, and the like;
 A tight water-boat, and good sea-room
 give me,

And t'ent to a little I'll strike:
 Tho' the tempest top-gallant-masts smack
 smooth should smite,

And shiver each splinter of wood.
 Clear the wreck, stow the yards, and bouse
 every thing tight,

And under reef'd foresail we'll scud:
 Avast, nor don't think me a milk-sopso soft
 To be taken for trifles a-back,
 For they say there's a Providence sits up a-
 lost,

To keep watch for the life of Poor Jack.

Why, I heard the good chaplain palaver
 one day

About souls, heaven, mercy, and such,
 And, my timbers! what lingo he'd coil and
 belay,

Why, 'twas just all as one as high Dutch:
 But he said, how a sparrow can't founder,
 d'ye see,

Without orders that come down below,
 And many fine things that prov'd clearly
 to me

That Providence takes us in tow:

For, says he, d'ye mind me, let storms
e'er so oft

'Take the top-sails of sailors a-back,
There's a sweet little cherub that sits up
aloft,

To keep watch for the life of Poor Jack.

I said to our Poll, (for you see she would
cry,)

When last we weigh'd anchor for sea,
What argufies sniv'ling and piping your
eye?

Why what a damn'd fool you must be!
Can't you see the world's wide, and there's
room for us all,

Both for seamen and lubbers ashore;
And if to old Davy I should go friend Poll,

Why, you never will hear of me more;
What then, all's a hazard, come don't be
so soft,

Perhaps I may laughing come back,
For, d'ye see there's a cherub sits smiling a-
loft,

To keep watch for the life of Poor Jack.

D'ye mind me, a sailor should be every inch
All as one as a piece of a ship,
And with her brave the world, without
offering to flinch,

From the moment the anchor's a-trip:

As for me, in all weathers, all times, fides,
and ends,

Nought's a trouble from duty that
springs,

For my heart is my Poll's, and my rhino
my friend's,

And as for my life 'tis the king's:

Ev'n when my time's come, ne'er believe
me so soft,

As with grief to be taken a-back,

That same little cherub that sits up aloft,

Will look out a good birth for Poor
Jack.

Bide ye yet.

GIN I had a wee house, and a canty wee
fire,

A bonny wee wifie to praise and admire,

A bonny wee yardy aside a wee burn,

Farewell to the bodies that yammer and
mourn.

And bide ye yet, and bide ye yet,

Ye little ken what may betide me yet,

Some bonny wee body may be my lot,

And I'll ay be canty wi' thinking o't.

When I gang a-field, and come hame at
e'en,

I'll get my wee wifie fou neat and fou clean;

And a bonny wee bairnie upon her knee,
That will cry pappa or daddy to me.

And bide ye yet, &c.

And if there should happen ever to be
A diff'rence atween my wee wifie and me,
In hearty good humour altho' she be teaz'd,
I'll kifs her and clap her until she be pleas'd.

And bide ye yet, and bide ye yet,
Ye little ken what will betide me yet,
Some bonny wee body may be my lot,
And I'll ay be canty wi' thinking o't.

The Bud of the Rose.

Belville.

HER mouth, which a smile,
Devoid of all guile,
Half opens to view,
Is the bud of the rose
In the morning that blows,
Impearl'd with the dew.

More fragrant her breath
'Than the flow'r scented heath
At the dawning of the day,
The hawthorn in bloom,
The lilly's perfume,
Or the blossoms of May.

The Tar for all Weathers.

I SAIL'D from the Downs in the Nancy,
 My jib, how she smack'd thro' the breeze,
 She's a vessel quite rigg'd to my fancy,
 As ever sail'd on the salt seas:
 Then adieu to the White cliffs of Britain,
 Our girls, and our dear native shore;
 For if some hard rock we shou'd split on,
 We ne'er should see them any more.

CHORUS.

But sailors are born for all weathers,
 Great guns, let it blow high, blow low,
 Our duty keeps us to our tethers,
 And where the gale drives we must go.

When we enter'd the gut of Gibraltar,
 I verily thought she'd have sunk,
 For the wind so began for to alter;
 She yaul'd just as tho' she was drunk:
 The squall tore the mainsail to shivers,
 Helm-a-weather, the hoarse boat-swain
 cries;
 Set the fore-sail athwart, see! she quivers,
 As thro' the rough tempest she flies.
 But sailors, &c.

The storm came on thicker and faster,
 As black then as pitch was the sky;

But then what a dreadful disaster
 Befel three poor seamen and I;
 Ben Buntlen, Sam Shroud, and Dick Hand-
 fail,

By a gale that came furious and hard;
 And as we were furling the mainsail,
 We were ev'ry soul swept from the yard.
 But sailors, &c.

Poor Ben, Sam, and Dick, cried peccavi,
 When I at the risk of my neck,
 While in peace they sunk down to old Da-
 vy,

Caught a rope, and so landed on deck.
 Well, what would you have, we were
 stranded,

And out of a fine jolly crew,
 Of three hundred, that sail'd, never landed,
 But I, and I think, twenty-two.
 But sailors, &c.

At last then at sea having miscarried,
 Another guess way set the wind;
 To England I came and got married,
 To a lass that was comely and kind;
 But whether for joy or vexation,

We know not for what we were born,
 Perhaps we may find a kind station,
 Perhaps we may touch at Cape Horn,
 But sailors, &c.

In my pleasant Native Plains.

IN my pleasant native plains,
 Wing'd with bliss each moment flew,
 Nature there inspir'd the strains,
 Simple as the joys I knew;
 Jocund morn and ev'ning gay,
 Claim'd the merry merry roundelay,
 Claim'd the merry merry roundelay.

Fields and flocks, and fragrant flow'rs,
 All that health and joy impart,
 Call'd for artless music's pow'rs;
 Faithful echoes to the heart.
 Happy hours, for ever gay,
 Claim'd the merry roundelay.

But the breath of genial spring,
 Wak'd the warblers of the grove;
 Who, sweet birds, that heard you sing,
 Would not join the song of love?
 Your sweet notes, and chantings gay,
 Claim'd the merry roundelay.

Let care be a Stranger.

LET care be a stranger to each jovial soul,
 Who, Aristippus like, can his passions controul:

Of wisest philosophers wisest was he,
 Who, attentive to ease, let his mind still
 be free:

The Prince, Peer, or Peasant to him were
 the same,
 For pleas'd, he was pleasing to all where
 he came,
 But still turn'd his back on contention and
 strife,
 Resolving to live all the days of his life.

A friend to mankind, all mankind was his
 friend,
 And the peace of his mind was his ultimate end;
 He found fault with none if none found
 fault with him,
 If his friend had a humour, he humour'd
 his whim;
 If wine was the word, why he bumper'd
 his glass,
 If love was the topic, he toasted his lass,
 But still turn'd his back on contention and
 strife,
 Resolving to live all the days of his life.

If councils disputed, if councils agreed,
 He found fault with neither; for this was
 his creed,

That let them be guided by folly or sense,
 'Twould be *semper eadem* an hundred years
 hence.

He thought 'twas unfocial to be mal-con-
 tent,

If the tide went with him, with the tide
 too he went,

But still turn'd his back on contention and
 strife,

Resolving to live all the days of his life.

Was the nation at war, he wish'd well to
 the sword,

If a peace was concluded, a peace was his
 word,

Disquiet to him, or of body or mind,

Was the longitude only he never could
 find.

The Philosopher's stone was but gravel
 and pain,

And all who had sought it, had sought
 it in vain,

He still turn'd his back on contention and
 strife,

Resolving to live all the days of his life.

'Then let us all follow Aristippus' rules,
 And deem his opponents both asses and
 mules;

Let those not contented to lead or to drive,
By the bees of their sex be drove out of
the hive;

Expell'd from the mansions of quiet and ease,
May they never find out the blest art how
to please;

While our friends and ourselves, not forgetting our wives,
By those maxims may live all the days of
our lives.

Ma chere Amie.

MA chere amie, my charming fair,
Whose smiles can banish ev'ry care;
In kind compassion smile on me,
Whose only care is love of thee.

Ma chere amie, ma chere amie, ma
chere amie, ma chere amie.

Under sweet friendship's sacred name,
My bosom caught the tender flame;
May friendship in thy bosom be
Converted into love for me.

Ma chere amie, &c.

Together rear'd, together grown,
O let us now unite in one!
Let pity soften thy decree,
I droop, dear maid! I die for thee.

Ma chere amie, &c.

Logie of Buchan.

O LOGIE of Buchan, O Logie the Laird,
They ha'e ta'en awa' Jamie that delv'd in
the yard!

Who play'd on the pipe wi' the viol fac
sma',

They ha'e ta'en awa Jamie the flow'r o'
them a'.

He said, think na lang lassie, tho' I gang
awa:

He said, think na lang lassie, tho' I gang
awa:

For the summer is coming, cauld winter's
awa,

And I'll come and see thee, in spite o'
them a'.

Sandy has ousen, has gear, and has kye;
A house, and a hadden, and filler forby:
But I'd tak' mine ain lad, wi' his staff in
his hand,

Before I'd ha'e him, wi' his houses and land.

He said, think na lang lassie, &c.

My daddy looks sulky, my minnie looks
sour;

They frown upon Jamie, because he is
poor:

'Tho' I lo'e them as well as a daughter
should do, [you.

They are nae half fae dear to me, Jamie, as
He said, think na lang lassie, &c.

I sit on my creepie, and spin at my wheel,
And think on the laddie that lo'ed me so
weel;

He had but ae faxpence, he brak' it in
twa,

And he gied me the ha'f o't when he gaed
awa.

Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide na
awa.

Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide na
awa.

Simmer is coming, cauld winter's awa,
And ye'll come and see me, in spite o'
them a'.

Inkle and Yarico.

INKLE.

O SAY, simple maid, have you form'd any
notion

Of all the rude dangers in crossing the ocean?

When winds whistle shrilly, ah! won't they
remind you

To sigh with regret for the grotte left be-
hind you!

YARICO.

Ah! no, I could follow, and sail the world
 over,
 Nor think of my grotte, when I look at my
 lover!
 The winds which blow round us, your
 arms for my pillow,
 Will lull us to sleep, whil'st we're rock'd
 by each billow.

INKLE.

"Then say, lovely lass, what if haply e-
 spying
 A rich gallant vessel with gay colours fly-
 ing?

YARICO.

I'll journey with thee, love, to where the
 land narrows,
 And fling all my cares at my back with
 my arrows."

BOTH.

O say then, my true love, we never will
 sunder,
 Nor shrink from the tempest, nor dread the
 big thunder;
 Whilst constant, we'll laugh at all changes
 of weather,
 And journey all over the world both toge-
 ther.

Etrick Banks.

ON Etrick banks, in a summer's night,
 At gloming when the sheep drave hame,
 I met my lassie braw and tight,
 Come wading barefoot a' her lane;
 My heart grew light, I ran, I flang
 My arms about her lily neck,
 And kiss'd and clapt her there fou lang,
 My words they were na mony feck.

I said, my lassie, will ye go
 To the Highland hills, the Earse to learn?
 I'll baith gi' thee a cow and ewe,
 When we come to the brig of Earn.
 At Leith, auld meal comes in, near fash,
 An' herrings at the Broomielaw;
 Cheer up your heart, my bonny lass,
 There's gear to win we never saw.

All day when we have wrought enough,
 When winter frosts, and snaw begin;
 Soon as the sun gaes waist the loch,
 At night when ye sit down to spin,
 I'll screw my pipes, and play a spring;
 And thus the weary night we'll end,
 Till the tender kid and lamb-time bring,
 Our pleasant summer back again.

Syne when the trees are in their bloom,
 And gowans glent o'er ilka field,
 I'll meet my lafs amang the broom,
 And lead you to my summer shield.
 Then far frae a' their scornfu' din,
 That mak' the kindly heart their sport,
 We'll laugh, and kifs, and dance, and sing,
 And gar the langest day seem short.

Through the Wood Laddie.

O SANDY! Why leav'st thou thy Nelly
 to mourn?

Thy presence could ease me,
 When naething can please me;
 Now dowie I sigh on the banks of the burn,
 Or thro' the wood, laddie, until thou re-
 turn.

Tho' woods now are bonny, and mornings
 are clear,

While lav'rocks are singing,
 And primroses springing,
 Yet nane of them pleases mine eye or mine
 ear,

When thro' the wood, laddie, ye dinna ap-
 pear.

That I am forsaken some spare not to tell,
 I'm fash'd wi' their scorning,
 Baith ev'ning and morning,

Their jeering gaes aft to my heart wi' a
knell,
When thro' the wood, laddie, I wander
myself.

Then stay, my dear Sandy, no longer away,
But quick as an arrow,
Haste here to thy marrow,
Wha's living in langour till that happy day,
When thro' the wood, laddie, we'll dance,
sing, and play.

The High-Mettled Racer.

SEE the course throng'd with gazers, the
sports are begun,
The confusion but hear!—"I'll bet you
Sir—done, done;"
Ten thousand strange murmurs resound
far and near,
Lords, hawkers, and jockies assail the tir'd
ear:
While with neck like a rainbow, erecting
his crest,
Pamper'd, prancing, and pleas'd, his head
touching his breast,
Scarcely snuffing the air, he's so proud and
elate,
'The high-mettled racer first starts for the
plate.

Now Reynard's turn'd out, and o'er hedge
 and ditch rush,
 Hounds, horses, and huntsmen, all hard at
 his brush;
 They run him at length, and they have
 him at bay,
 And by scent and by view, cheat a long
 tedious way;
 While, alike born for sports of the field
 or the course,
 Always sure to come thro' a staunch and
 fleet horse;
 When fairly run down, the fox yields up
 his breath,
 The high-mettled racer is in at the death.

Grown aged, us'd up, and turn'd out of
 the stud,
 Lamé, spavin'd, wind-gall'd, but yet with
 some blood; [trace,
 While knowing postillions his pedigree
 Tell his dam won this sweepstakes, his
 fire gain'd that race;
 And what matches he won to the ostlers
 count o'er,
 As they loiter their time at some hedge
 ale-house door,
 While the harness fore galls, and the spurs
 his sides goad, [road.
 The high-mettled racer's a hack on the

Till at last, having labour'd, drudg'd ear-
 ly and late,
 Bow'd down by degrees, he bends on to
 his fate,
 Blind, old, lean and feeble he tugs round a
 mill,
 Or draws sand, till the sand of his hour-
 glass stands still:
 And now, cold and lifeless, expos'd to the
 view,
 In the very same cart which he yesterday
 drew,
 While a pitying crowd his sad relicks sur-
 rounds,
 The high-mettled racer is sold for the
 hounds.

Sweet Poll of Plymouth.

SWEET Poll of Plymouth was my dear,
 When forc'd from her to go;—
 Adown her cheeks rain'd many a tear,
 My heart was fraught with woe,—
 Our anchor weigh'd, for sea we stood,
 The land we left behind;
 Her tears then swell'd the briny flood,
 My sighs increas'd the wind.

We plough'd the deep, and now between
 Us lay the ocean wide;

For five long years I had not seen
 My sweet, my bonny bride.
 That time I sail'd the world around,
 All for my true love's sake;
 But press'd as we were homeward bound,
 I thought my heart would break.

The press-gang bold I ask'd in vain
 To let me once on shore;
 I long'd to see my Poll again,
 But saw my Poll no more.
 And have they torn my love away!
 And is he gone!—she cry'd;
 My Polly—sweetest flow'r of May,
 She languish'd, droop'd, and dy'd.

A little Love, but urg'd with Care.
 SOMEHOW my spindle I mis-laid,
 And lost it underneath the grass;
 Damon advancing, bow'd his head,
 And said, what seek you pretty lass?
 A little love, but urg'd with care,
 Oft leads a heart, and leads it far.

'Twas passing by yon spreading oak,
 That I my spindle lost just now:
 His knife then kindly Damon took,
 And from the tree he cut a bough.
 A little love, &c.

'Thus did the youth his time employ,
 While me he tenderly beheld;
 He talk'd of love, I leapt for joy,
 For ah! my heart did fondly yield.
 A little love, &c.

Peaty's Mill.

THE Lads of Peaty's mill,
 So bonny, blithe, and gay,
 In spite of all my skill,
 Hath stole my heart away.
 When tedding of the hay
 Bare-headed on the green,
 Love 'midst her locks did play,
 And wanton'd in her een.

Her arms, white, round, and smooth,
 Breasts rising in their dawn,
 To age it would give youth,
 To press 'em with his hand:
 Thro' all my spirits ran
 An extasy of blifs,
 When I such sweetness fand
 Wrapt in a balmy kiss.

Without the help of art,
 Like flow'rs which grace the wild,
 She did her sweets impart,
 Whene'er she spoke or smil'd.

Her looks they were so mild,
 Free from affected pride,
 She me to love beguil'd,
 I wish'd her for my bride.

O had I all the wealth
 Hopetoun's high mountains fill,
 Insur'd long life and health,
 And pleasure at my will;
 I'd promise and fulfil,
 That none but bonny she,
 The lass of Peaty's mill,
 Shou'd share the same with me.

Mary's Dream.

THE moon had climb'd the highest hill
 That rises o'er the source of Dee,
 And from the eastern summit shed
 Her silver light on tow'r and tree;
 When Mary laid her down to sleep,
 Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea,
 Then soft and low a voice was heard
 Say—" Mary weep no more for me."

She from her pillow gently rais'd
 Her head, to ask who there might be,
 And saw young Sandy shivering stand,
 With pallid cheek and hollow eye:
 "O, Mary dear! cold is my clay,
 It lies beneath a stormy sea;

Far, far from thee, I sleep in death,
So Mary weep no more for me.

"Three stormy nights and stormy days,
We tofs'd upon the raging main,
And long we strove our bark to save,
But all our striving was in vain:
Ev'n then when horror chill'd my blood,
My heart was fill'd with love for thee,
The storm is past, and I at rest,
So Mary weep no more for me.

"O! maiden dear! thyself prepare,
We soon shall meet upon that shore,
Where love is free from doubt or care,
And thou and I shall part no more."
Loud crow'd the cock! the shadow fled!
No more of Sandy could she see;
But soft the passing spirit said,
"O! Mary weep no more for me."

The Moment Aurora.

THE moment Aurora peep'd into my
room,

I put on my clothes and I call'd to my
groom;

And, my head heavy still, from the fumes
of last night, [right;

Took a bumper of brandy to set all things

And now we were saddl'd Fleet, Dapple,
and Grey,
Who seem'd longing to hear the glad
sound, hark away.

Will Whistle by this had uncoupl'd his
hounds,
Whose ecstasy nothing could keep within
bounds,
First forward came Jowler, then Scent-
well, then Snare,
Three better staunch harriers ne'er started
a hare;
Then Sweetlips, then Driver, then Staunch
and then Tray,
All ready to open at hark, hark away.

'Twas now by the clock about five in the
morn,
And we all gallop'd off to the sound of the
horn;
Jack Gater, Bill Babler, and Dick at the
gun,
And by this time the merry Tom Fairplay
made one,
Who, while we were jogging on blithe-
some and gay,
Sung a song, and the chorus was—Hark,
hark away.

And now Jemmy Lurcher had every bush
beat,

And no signs of madam, nor trace of her
feet;

Nay, we just had begun our sad fortunes
to curse,

When all of a sudden out starts Mrs.
Pufs;

Men, horses, and dogs, all the glad-call
obey,

And the echo was heard to cry—hark,
hark away.

The chase was a fine one, she took o'er
the plain,

Which she doubled, and doubled, and
doubled again;

Till at last she to cover return'd out of
breath,

Where I and Will Whistle were in at the
death;

Then in triumph for you I the hare did
display,

And cry'd to the horns, my boys, hark,
hark away

Green Grow the Rashers.

THERE'S nought but care on every han'
In ev'ry hour that passes, O:

What signifies the life o' man,
 An' 'twere not for the lasses, O?
 Green grow the rashies, O;
 Green grow the rashies, O;
 The sweetest hours that e'er I spend
 Are spent among the lasses, O.

The warl'y race may riches chace,
 And riches still may flee them, O;
 An' tho' at last they catch them fast,
 Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.
 Green grow, &c.

But gi'e me an hour at e'en,
 My arms about my dearie, O:
 An' warl'y cares, an' warl'y men
 May a' gae tapfailteerie, O!
 Green grow, &c.

For you fae douse ye sneer at this,
 Ye're nought but senseless asses, O.
 The wisest man the warl' saw,
 He dearly lov'd the lasses, O.
 Green grow, &c.

Auld Nature swears the lovely dears
 Her noblest work she classes, O:
 Her prentice han' she try'd on man,
 And then she made the lasses, O.
 Green grow, &c.

Roslin Castle.

spend
O.

O.
'TWAS in that season of the year,
When all things gay and sweet appear,
That Colin, with the morning ray,
Arose and sung his rural lay.
Of Nanny's charms the shepherd sung,
The hills and dales with Nanny rung,
While Roslin castle heard the swain,
And echo'd back the cheerful strain.

Awake, sweet muse, the breathing spring
With rapture warms, awake and sing;
Awake, and join the vocal throng,
And hail the morning with a song;
To Nanny raise the cheerful lay,
O bid her haste, and come away;
In sweetest smiles herself adorn,
And add new graces to the morn.

O hark, my love, on every spray
Each feather'd warbler tunes his lay;
'Tis beauty fires the ravish'd throng,
And love inspires the melting song;
Then let my ravish'd notes arise,
For beauty darts from Nanny's eyes,
And love my rising bosom warms,
And fills my soul with sweet alarms.

O come, my love, thy Colin's lay,
 With rapture calls, O come away;
 Come, while the muse this wreath shall
 twine

Around that modest brow of thine:
 O hither haste, and with thee bring
 That beauty, blooming like the spring,
 Those graces that divinely shine,
 And charm this ravish'd heart of mine.

Within a mile of Edinburgh.

'T'WAS within a mile of Edinburgh town,
 In the rosy time of the year,
 Sweet flowers bloom'd, and the grafs was
 down,

And each shepherd woo'd his dear:

 Bonny Jockey, blyth and gay,

 Kiss'd sweet Jenny making hay:

'The lassie blush'd, and frowning cry'd, no,
 no, it will not do;

I cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot, man-
 not buckle too.

Jockey was a wag that never would wed,
 Tho' long he had follow'd the lass,
 Contented she earn'd and eat her brown
 bread,

And merrily turn'd up the grafs:

Bonny Jockey, blyth and free,
 Won her heart right merrily,
 Yet still she blush'd, and frowning cry'd,
 no, no, it will not do,
 I cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot, mannot
 buckle too.

But when he vow'd he wou'd make her
 his bride,
 Tho' his flocks and herds were not few,
 She gave him her hand, and a kiss beside,
 And vow'd she'd for ever be true;
 Bonny Jockey, blyth and free,
 Won her heart right merrily,
 At church she no more frowning cry'd; no,
 no, it will not do,
 I cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot, mannot
 buckle too.

There was a Jolly Miller.

THERE was a jolly miller once
 Liv'd on the river Dee,
 He danc'd and he sung from morn till
 night,
 No lark so blyth as he.
 And this the burden of his song
 For ever us'd to be:
 I care for nobody, no, not I,
 If nobody cares for me.

I live by my mill, God blefs her!

She's kindred, child and wife;

I would not change my ftation

For any other in life.

No lawyer, furgeon, or doctor,

E'er had a groat from me.

I care for nobody, no, not I,

If nobody cares for me.

When fpring begins its merry career,

Oh! how his heart grows gay!

No fummer's drouth alarms his fears,

Nor winter's fad decay;

No foresight mars the miller's joy,

Who's wont to fmg and fay,

Let others toil from year to year,

I live from day to day.

Thus, like the miller, bold and free,

Let us rejoice and fmg:

The days of youth are made for glee,

And time is on the wing.

This fmg fhall pafs from me to thee,

Along this jovial ring:

Let heart and voice and all agree,

To fay,—Long live the King.

The wealthy Fool.

THE wealthy fool with gold in ftore,

Will ftill defire to grow richer;

Give me but these, I ask no more,
 My charming girl, my friend, and
 pitcher.

My friend so rare, my girl so fair,
 With these what mortal can be richer,
 Give me but these, a fig for care,
 With my sweet girl, my friend and
 pitcher.

From morning sun I'd never grieve,
 To toil a hedger or a ditcher,
 If that when I came home at eve
 I might enjoy my friend and pitcher.
 My friend so rare, &c.

Tho' fortune ever shuns my door,
 I know not what 'tis can bewitch her;
 With all my heart can I be poor—
 With my sweet girl, my friend and
 pitcher.
 My friend so rare, &c.

The Sailor's Farewell.

THE top-sail shivers in the wind,
 The ship she casts to sea,
 But yet, my soul, my heart, my mind,
 Are, Mary, moor'd with thee;
 For tho' thy sailor's bound afar,
 Still love shall be his leading star.

Should landsmen flatter when we're sail'd,
 O doubt their artful tales;
 No gallant sailer ever fail'd,
 If love breath'd constant gales;
 Thou art the compass of my soul,
 Which steers my heart from pole to pole.

Syrens in every port we meet,
 More fell than rocks and waves;
 But such as grace the British fleet,
 Are lovers, and not slaves;
 No foes our courage shall subdue,
 Altho' we've left our hearts with you.

These are our cares—but if you're kind,
 We'll scorn the dashing main,
 The rocks, the billows, and the wind,
 The power of France and Spain:
 Now England's glory rests with you,
 Our sails are full—sweet girls adieu!

Last Time I came o'er the Muir.

THE last time I came o'er the muir,
 I left my love behind me!
 Ye pow'rs! what pain do I endure,
 When soft ideas mind me?
 Soon as the ruddy morn display'd
 The beaming day ensuing,

I met betimes my lovely maid,
In fit retreats for wooing.

Beneath the cooling shade we lay,
Gazing and chafly sporting;
We kiss'd and promis'd time away,
Till night spread her black curtain:
I pitied all beneath the skies,
Ev'n kings when she was nigh me,
In raptures I beheld her eyes,
Which could but ill deny me.

Should I be call'd where cannons roar,
Where mortal steel may wound me,
Or cast upon some foreign shore,
Where dangers may surround me;
Yet hopes again to see my love,
To feast on glowing kisses,
Shall make my care at distance move,
In prospect of such blisses.

In all my soul there's not one place
To let a rival enter;
Since she excels in every grace,
In her my love shall center.
Sooner the seas shall cease to flow,
Their waves the Alps shall cover,
On Greenland's ice shall roses grow,
Before I cease to love her.

The next time I gang o'er the muir,
 She shall a lover find me;
 And that my faith is firm and pure,
 Tho' I left her behind me:
 Then Hymen's sacred bands shall chain
 My heart to her fair bosom;
 There, while my being does remain,
 My love more fresh shall blossom.

Birks of Invermay.

THE smiling morn, the breathing spring,
 Invite the tunefu' birds to sing;
 And while they warble from each spray
 Love melts the universal lay;
 Let us, Amanda, timely wife,
 Like them, improve the hour that flies,
 And in fast raptures waste the day
 Amang the birks of Invermay.

For soon the winter of the year,
 And age, life's winter, will appear;
 At this thy lively bloom will fade,
 As that will strip the verdant shade;
 Our taste of pleasure then is o'er,
 The feather'd songsters please no more;
 And when they droop and we decay,
 Adieu the birks of Invermay.

The lav' rocks now and lintwhites sing,
 The rocks around wi' echoes ring

The mavis and the blackbird vie
 In tunefu' strains to glad the day;
 The woods now wear their summer-suits,
 To mirth a' nature now invites;
 Let us be blythsome then, and gay,
 Among the birks of Invermay.

Behold, the hills and vales around
 With lowing herds and flocks abound:
 The wanton kids, and frisking lambs
 Gambol and dance about their dams;
 The busy bee, with humming noise,
 And a' the reptile kind rejoice;
 Let us, like them, then sing and play,
 About the birks of Invermay.

Hark, how the waters, as they fa',
 Loudly my love to gladness ca';
 The wanton waves sport in the beams,
 And fishes play throughout the streams;
 The circling sun does now advance,
 And all the planets round him dance;
 Let us as jovial be as they,
 Among the birks of Invermay.

He's stole my tender Heart away.
 THE fields were green, the hills were gay,
 And birds were singing on each spray,
 When Colin met me in the grove,
 And told me tender tales of love;

Was ever swain so blyth as he,
 So kind, so faithful, and so free!
 In spite of all my friends could say,
 Young Colin stole my heart away!

Whene'er he trips the meads along,
 He sweetly joins the woodlark's song,
 And when he dances on the green,
 There's none so blyth as Colin seen:
 If he's but by, I nothing fear,
 For I alone am all his care;
 Then, in spite of all my friends can say,
 He's stole my tender heart away.

My mother chides whene'er I roam,
 And seems surpris'd I quit my home;
 But she'd not wonder that I rove,
 Did she but feel how much I love:
 Full well I know the gen'rous swain
 Will never give my bosom pain;
 Then, in spite of all my friends can say,
 He's stole my tender heart away.



The Yellow-Hair'd Laddie.

IN April, when primroses paint the sweet
 plain,
 And summer approaching rejoiceth the
 swain;

The yellow-hair'd laddie would oftentimes
 go
 To wilds and deep glens where the haw-
 thorn-trees grow.

There, under the shades of an old sacred
 thorn,
 With freedom he sung his loves ev'ning
 and morn;
 He sang with so fast and enchanting a
 sound,
 That sylvens and fairies unseen danc'd a-
 round.

The shepherd thus sung, Tho' young Maya
 be fair,
 Her beauty is dash'd with a scornfu'
 proud air;
 But Susie was handsome, and sweetly could
 sing;
 Her breath, like the brèezes, perfum'd in
 the spring.

That Madie, in all the gay charms of her
 youth,
 Like the moon was inconstant, and never
 spoke truth; [free,
 But Susie was faithful, good humour'd and
 And fair as the goddess that sprung from
 the sea.

That mamma's fine daughter, with all her
 great dow'r,
 Was awkwardly airy, and frequently sour;
 Then, sighing, he wish'd, would parents agree,
 [be.
 The witty sweet Susie his mistress might

The Maid that tends the Goats.

UP amang yon cliffy rocks,
 Sweetly rings the rising echo,
 To the maid that tends the goats,
 Liltin'g o'er her native notes.
 Hark, she sings, "young Sandy's kind,
 " An' he's promis'd ay to lo'e me,
 " Here's a brotch I ne'er shall tine,
 " Till he's fairly marry'd to me;
 " Drive away, ye drone time,
 " An' bring about our bridal day.
 " Sandy herds a flock of sheep,
 " Af'en does he blaw the whistle,
 " In a strain sae fastly sweet,
 " Lam'mies list'ning dare nae bleat;
 " He's as fleet's the mountain roe,
 " Hardy as the Highland heather,
 " Wading through the winter snow,
 " Keeping ay his flock together;
 " But a plaid, wi' bare houghs,
 " He braves the bleakest norin blast.

" Brawly can he dance and sing,
 " Canty glee, or Highland cronach,
 " Nane can ever match his fling,
 " At a reel or round a ring;
 " Wightly can he wield a rung,
 " In a brawl he's ay the bangster,
 " A' his praise can ne'er be sung
 " By the langest winded sangster,
 " Sangs that sing o' Sandy, [lang."
 " Come short, tho' they were e'er fac

Tweed-side.

WHAT beauties does Flora disclose?

How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed?

Yet Mary's still sweeter than those;

Both nature and fancy exceed.

Nor daisy, nor sweet blushing rose,

Nor all the gay flow'rs of the field,

Nor 'Tweed gliding gently thro' those;

Such beauty and pleasure does yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,

The linnet, the lark, and the thrush,

The blackbird and sweet cooing dove,

With music enchant ev'ry bush.

Come, let us go forth to the mead,

Let us see how the primroses spring;

We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,

And love while the feather'd folks sing.

How does my love pass the long day?
 Does Mary not keep a few sheep?
 Do they never carelessly stray,
 While happily she lies asleep?
 Tweed's murmurs should lull her to rest;
 Kind nature indulging my bliss,
 To relieve the soft pains of my breast,
 I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

'Tis she does the virgins excel,
 No beauty with her may compare;
 Love's graces around her do dwell,
 She's fairest, where thousands are fair.
 Say, charmer, where doth thy flock stray,
 Oh! tell me at noon where they feed;
 Shall I seek them on sweet winding Tay,
 Or the pleasant banks of the Tweed?

The Desponding Negro.

ON Afric's wild plains, when the lion
 loud roaring,
 With freedom stalks forth the vast desert
 exploring;
 I was dragg'd from my hut, and chain'd
 as a slave,
 In a dark floating dungeon, upon the salt
 wave.
 Spare a halfpenny, to a poor negro.

Toss'd on the rude main, I wildly despair-
ing,

Burst my bands, rush'd on deck, my eyes
widely glaring,

When the lightning's rude blast struck
the inlets of day, [away.

And glory's bright beams shut for ever
Spare a halfpenny, &c.

Those despoilers of men, their prospect
thus losing

Of gain by my sale, (not a blind bargain
choosing,)

As my value compar'd with my keeping
was light,

Had me dash'd over-board, in the dead of
the night.

And but for a bark to Britannia's coast
bound,

All my cares by that plunge in the deep
had been drown'd,

But by moon-light descry'd, I was snatch'd
from the wave,

And reluctantly robb'd of a watery grave.

How disastrous is my fate, freedom's land
tho' I tread now,

Torn from home, wife, and children, and
begging for bread now;

While seas roll between us that ne'er can
be cross'd, [lost.

And hope's distant glimm'ring for ever is

But of minds foul and fair, when the judge
and ponderer,

Shall bestow light and life to the blind and
the wanderer,

The European's deep dye may out-rival
the floe,

And the soul of an Ethiope be white as
the snow.

While the Lads in the Village.

WHILE the lads in the village shall mer-
rily ah,

Sound their tabors, I'll lead thee along,

And I will say unto thee, that merrily ah,

Thou and I will be the first in the
throng.

Just then, when the youth who last year
won the dow'r,

And his mate shall the sports have be-
gun,

When the gay voice of gladness resounds
from its bow'r, [one.

And thou long'st in thy heart to make

While the lads, &c.

Those joys that are harmless what mortal
can blame? [free;

'Tis my maxim that youth should be
And to prove that my words and my deeds
are the same,
Believe thou shalt presently see,
While the lads, &c.

Bold Jack.

BY MR. DIBDIN.

WHILE up the shrouds the sailer goes,
Or ventures on the yard,
The landman, who no better knows,
Believes his lot is hard;
But Jack with smiles each danger meets,
Casts anchor, heaves the log,
Trims all the sails, belays the sheets,
And drinks his can of grog.

When mountains high the waves that
swell,
The vessel rudely bear,
Now sinking in a hollow dale,
Now quiv'ring in the air.
Bold Jack, &c.

When waves 'gainst rocks and quicksands
roar,
You ne'er hear him repine,

Freezing near Greenland's icy shore,
 Or burning near the line;
 Bold Jack, &c.

If to engage they give the word,
 To quarters all repair,
 While splinter'd masts go by the board,
 And shot sing thro' the air,
 Bold Jack, &c.

Down the Burn, Davie.

WHEN trees did bud, and fields were
 green,
 And broom bloom'd fair to see;
 When Mary was complete fifteen,
 And love laugh'd in her ee';
 Blyth Davie's blinks her heart did move
 To speak her mind thus free,
 "Gang down the burn Davie, love,
 "And I will follow thee."

Now Davie did each lad surpass
 That dwelt on this burn-side,
 And Mary was the bonniest lass,
 Just meet to be a bride;
 Her cheeks were rosy, red and white,
 Her een were bonny blue:
 Her looks were like Aurora bright,
 Her lips like dropping dew.

As down the burn they took their way,
 What tender tales they said!
 His cheek to her's he aft did lay,
 And with her bosom play'd;
 Till baith at length impatient grown,
 To be mair fully blest,
 In yonder vale they lean'd them down;
 Love only saw the rest.

"What pass'd, I guess, was harmless play,
 "And naething fure unmeet;
 "For ganging hame I heard them say,
 "They lik'd a wa'k fae sweet;
 "And that they aften shou'd return
 "Sic pleasure to renew;
 "Quoth Mary, Love, I like the burn,
 "And ay shall follow you."

My ain kind Deary O.

WILL ye gang o'er the lee-rig,
 My ain kind deary O!
 And cuddle there so kindly
 Wi' me, my kind deary O!

At thornie dike and birken tree,
 We'll daff and ne'er be weary O;
 They'll scug ill een frae you and me,
 Mine ain kind deary O!

Nae herds wi' kent or colly there,
 Shall ever come to fear ye O;
 But lav'rocks whistling in the air,
 Shall woo like me their deary O!

While others herd their lambs and ewes,
 And toil for world's gear my jo,
 Upon the lee my pleasure grows,
 Wi' you my kind deary O!



The Bagrie O't.

WHEN I think on this world's pelf,
 And how little I hae o't to myself;
 I sigh when I look to my thread-bare
 coat,
 And shame fa' the gear and the bagrie o't.

Johnny was the lad that held the plough,
 But now he's got gowd and gear enough;
 I weel mind the day when he was nae
 worth a groat,
 And shame fa' the gear and the bagrie o't.

Jenny was the lass that mucked the byre,
 But now she goes in her silken attire:
 And she was a lass who wore a plaiding
 coat,
 And shame fa' the gear and the bagrie o't.

Yet a' this shall never danton me,
 Sae lang's I keep my fancy free:
 While I've but a penny to pay t'other pot,
 May shame fa' the gear and the bagrie o't.

Sound Argument.

WE bipeds made up of frail clay,
 Alas, are the children of sorrow;
 And tho' brisk and merry to-day,
 We all may be wretched to-morrow:
 For sunshine's succeeded by rain,
 Then fearful of life's stormy weather,
 Lest pleasure should only bring pain:
 Let us all be unhappy together.

Let us all be unhappy together,
 Let us all be unhappy together,
 For sunshine's succeeded by rain,
 Then fearful of life's stormy weather,
 Lest pleasure should only bring pain,
 Let us all be unhappy together.

I grant, the best blessing we know [sure;
 Is a friend—for true friendship's a trea-
 And yet, lest your friend prove a foe,
 Oh taste not the dangerous pleasure.
 Thus friendship's a flimsy affair;
 Thus riches and health are a bubble;
 Thus there's nothing delightful but care,
 Nor any thing pleasing but trouble.

If a mortal would point out that life, [ven,
 That on earth could be nearest to hea-
 Let him, thanking his stars, choose a wife,
 To whom truth and honour are given;
 But honour and truth are so rare,
 And horns, when they're cutting, so
 tingle,
 That with all my respect for the fair,
 I'd advise him to sigh and live single.

It appears from those premises plain,
 That wisdom is nothing but folly;
 That pleasure's a term that means pain,
 And that joy is your true melancholy.
 That all those who laugh ought to cry,
 That 'tis fine frisk and fun to be griev-
 ing;
 And that, since we must all of us die,
 We should all be unhappy while living.

Ewe-Bughts Marion.

WILL ye go to the ewe-bughts, Marion,
 And wiew in the sheep wi' me?
 The sun shines sweet, my Marion,
 But nae ha'f sae sweet as thee.

O Marion's a bonny lass,
 And the blyth blink's in her e'e;
 And fain wad I marry Marion,
 Gin Marion wad marry me.

There's gowd in your garters, Marion,
 And silk on your white haufs-bane;
 Fu' fain wad I kifs my Marion,
 At e'en when I come hame.

I've nine milk ewes, my Marion,
 A cow and a brawny quey;
 I'll gi'e them a' to my Marion
 Just on her bridal-day:

And ye's get a green fey apron,
 And waistcoat of the London brown,
 And vow but ye'll be vap'ring
 Whene'er ye gang to the town.

I'm young and stout, my Marion,
 Nane dances like me on the green;
 And gin ye forsake me, Marion,
 I'll e'en draw up wi' Jean.

Sae put on your pearlins, Marion,
 And kirtle of the cramasie;
 And soon as my chin has nae hair on,
 I shall come west, and see ye.

Hoot awa' ye Loon.

WHEN weary Sol gaed down the west,
 And filler Cynthia rose,
 The flow'r-enamel'd banks I press'd
 Where chrystal Eden flows;

Young Jockey fat him by my side—
 I ken'd his meanin' soon—
 He ask'd a kifs—I scornfu' cried,
 "Ah! Hoot awa', ye loon."

Dear Peggy dinna flout a youth,
 Or give that bosom pain,
 Which pants wi' honour and wi' truth,
 To tak' thee for its ain:
 Then on his pipe he sweetly play'd
 A maist delightfu' tune;
 But nae mair words to him I said,
 'Than, "Hoot awa', ye loon."

He said Mefs John shou'd us unite,
 If I to kirk wad gang;
 My bosom beat wi' new delight—
 Wi' him I went alang.
 The bonny lad I fand sincere,
 Not waining like the moon;
 Sae dear I loo him, I nae mair
 Will hoot awa' the loon.

How stands the Glas around.

HOW stands the glas around?
 For shame, ye take no care, my boys:
 How stands the glas around?
 Let mirth and wine abound,—
 The trumpets sound, the colours they are
 flying, boys,

To fight, kill or wound:
 May we still be found
 Content with our hard fate, my boys,
 On the cold ground.

Why, foldiers, why,
 Should we be melancholy, boys?
 Why, foldiers, why?
 Whose business 'tis to die.
 What—fighting, fie!
 Don't fear, drink on, be jolly, boys!
 'Tis he, you, or I.—
 Cold, hot, wet, or dry,—
 We're always bound to follow, boys;
 And scorn to fly!

'Tis but in vain,—
 I mean not to upbraid ye, boys;
 'Tis but in vain—
 For foldiers to complain:
 Should next campaign
 Send us to him who made us, boys,
 We're free from pain!
 But if we remain,
 A bottle and kind landlady
 Cure all again.

Kate of Aberdeen.

THE silver moon's enamour'd beam
 Steals softly through the night,

To wanton through the winding stream,
 And kiss reflected light.
 To courts begone, heart-soothing sleep,
 Where you've so seldom been,
 Whilst I May's wakeful vigil keep
 With Kate of Aberdeen.

The nymphs and swains expectant wait,
 In primrose chaplets gay,
 Till morn unbars her golden gate,
 And gives the promis'd May:
 The nymphs and swains shall all declare
 The promis'd May, when seen,
 Not half so fragrant, half so fair,
 As Kate of Aberdeen.

I'll tune my pipe to playful notes,
 And route yon nodding grove,
 Till new-wak'd birds distend their throats,
 And hail the maid I love;
 At her approach the lark mistakes,
 And quits the new-dress'd green:
 Fond birds! 'tis not the morning breaks;
 'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

Now blithesome o'er the dewy mead,
 Where elves disportive play,
 The festal dance young shepherds lead,
 Or sing their love-tun'd lay.
 Till May in morning-robe draws nigh,
 And claims a virgin queen;

The nymphs and swains exulting cry,
Here's Kate of Aberdeen.

Tho' Prudence may press me.

THOUGH prudence may press me,
And duty distress me,
Against inclination, ah! what can they
do?

No longer a rover,
His follies are over,
My heart, my fond heart, says, my Hen-
ry is true.

The bee thus as changing,
From sweet to sweet ranging,
A rose should he light on ne'er wishes to
stray;

With raptures possessing
In one ev'ry blessing,
Till torn from her bosom he flies far away.

*Then why should we quarrel for
Riches.*

HOW pleasant a sailor's life passes,
Who roams o'er the wat'ry main!
No treasure he ever amasses,
But cheerfully spends all his gain.

We're strangers to party and faction,
 To honour and honesty true,
 And wou'd not commit a base action,
 For power or profit in-view.

Then why should we quarrel for riches,
 Or any such glittering toys?
 A light heart, and a thin pair of breeches,
 Goes thorough the world, brave boys.

The world is a beautiful garden,
 Enrich'd with the blessings of life.
 The toiler with plenty rewarding,
 Which plenty too often breeds strife.
 When terrible tempests assail us,
 And mountainous billows affright,
 No grandeur or wealth can avail us,
 But skilful industry steers right.
 Then why, &c.

The courtier's more subject to dangers,
 Who rules at the helm of the state,
 Than we, that to politics strangers,
 Escape the snares laid for the great.
 The various blessings of nature,
 In various nations we try;
 No mortals than us can be greater,
 Who merrily live till we die.
 Then why, &c.

Broom of Cowdenknows.

HOW blyth was I ilk' morn to see

My swain come o'er the hill,
He leapt the burn and flew to me,
I met him wi' good will

O the broom, the bonny, bonny broom,
The broom o' the Cowdenknows,
I wish I were wi' my dear swain,
Wi' his pipe and my ewes.

I neither wanted ewe nor lamb
While his flocks round me lay,
He gather'd in my sheep at night,
And cheer'd me a' the day.
O the broom, &c.

He tun'd his pipe and reed fae sweet,
The birds stood list'ning by,
The fleecy sheep stood still and gaz'd,
Charm'd with his melody.
O the broom, &c.

While thus we spent our time by turns,
Betwixt our flocks and play,
I envy'd not the fairest dame,
Tho' e'er so rich and gay.
O the broom, &c.

He did oblige me ev'ry hour,
 Cou'd I but faithfu' be,
 He stole my heart, cou'd I refuse
 Whate'er he ask'd of me?
 O the broom, &c.

Hard fate! that I must banish'd be,
 Gang heavily and mourn,
 Because I lov'd the kindest swain
 That ever yet was born.
 O the broom, &c.

Bessy Bell and Mary Gray.

O BESSY Bell and Mary Gray,
 They war' twa bonny lasses,
 They bigged a house on yon burn brae,
 And theeked it o'er wi' rashes.
 Fair Bessy Bell I loo'd yestreen,
 And thought I ne'er could alter;
 But Mary Gray's twa pawky een,
 They gar my fancy falter.

Now Bessy's hair's like a lint-tap,
 She smiles like a May morning,
 When Phoebus starts frae Thetis' lap,
 The hills with rays adorning:
 White is her neck, fast is her hand,
 Her waist and feet fu' genty;
 With ilka grace she can command;
 Her lips, O wow! they're dainty.

And Mary's locks are like a crow,
 Her een like diamonds glances;
 She's ay fae clean, red up, and braw,
 She kills whene'er she dances:
 Blyth as the kid, with wit at will,
 She blooming, tight, and tall is;
 And guides her airs fae gracefu' still,
 O Jove, she's like thy Pallas.

Dear Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,
 Ye unco fair opprefs us;
 Our fancies jee between you twa,
 Ye are sic bonny lasses:
 Wae's me! for baith I canna get,
 To ane, by law we're stented;
 Then I'll draw cuts and tak' my fate,
 And be with ane contented.

The Death of Auld Robin Gray.

And Jamie's Return.

THE summer it was smiling,
 All nature round was gay,
 When Jenny was attending
 On auld Robin Gray;
 For he was sick at heart,
 And had nae friend beside,
 But only me poor Jenny,
 Who newly was his bride.

Ah! Jenny, I shall die, he cry'd,
 As sure as I had birth;
 Then see my poor auld banes, I pray,
 Laid into the earth:
 And be a widow for my sake,
 A twelvemonth and a day,
 And I will leave whate'er belongs
 To auld Robin Gray.

I laid poor Robin in the earth,
 As decent as I cou'd,
 And shed a tear upon his grave,
 For he was very good;
 I took my rock into my hand,
 And in my cot I sigh'd,
 Oh wae is me, what shall I do,
 Since poor auld Robin dy'd.

Search ev'ry part throughout the land,
 There's none like me forlorn,
 I'm ready e'en to ban the day
 That ever I was born;
 For Jamie, all I lov'd on earth,
 Ah! he is gone away,
 My father's dead, my mother's dead,
 And eke all Robin Gray.

I rose up with the morning sun,
 And spun till setting day,
 And one whole year of widowhood
 I mourn'd for Robin Gray;

I did the duty of a wife,
 Both kind and constant too;
 Let ev'ry one example take,
 And Jenny's plan pursue.

I thought that Jamie he was dead,
 Or he to me was lost,
 And all my fond and youthful love
 Entirely it was crost:
 I try'd to sing, I try'd to laugh,
 And pass the time away,
 For I had ne'er a friend alive
 Since dy'd auld Robin Gray.

At length the merry bells rang round,
 I cou'dna guess the cause;
 It was the news of peace, they said,
 Which gain'd so much applause:
 I doubted if the tale was true,
 Till Jamie came to me,
 And shew'd a purse of golden ore,
 And said it is for thee:

Auld Robin Gray I find is dead,
 And still your heart is true,
 Then take me, Jenny, to your arms,
 And I will be so too,
 Miss John shall join us at the kirk,
 And we'll be blithe and gay,
 I blush'd, consented, and reply'd,
 Adieu to Robin Gray.

Flowers of the Forest.

I'VE seen the smiling of Fortune beguiling,

I've felt all its favours and found its decay;

Sweet was its blessing, kind its caressing,
But now 'tis fled,—fled far away.

I've seen the forest adorned the foremost,
With flow'rs of the fairest, most pleasant
and gay,

Sae bonny was their blooming, their
scents the air perfuming,

But now they are wither'd and wedded
away.

I've seen the morning with gold the hills
adorning,

And loud tempest storming before the
mid-day;

I've seen Tweed's silver streams, shining
in the sunny beams,

Grow drumly and dark as they roll'd
on their way.

O fickle fortune! why thus cruel sporting,
O why still perplex us, poor sons of a
day?

Nae mair your smiles can cheer me, nae
 mair your frowns can fear me,
 For the flow'rs of the forest are wither-
 ed away.

Good Night and Joy be with you all.

HOW happy's he, whoe'er he be,
 That in his lifetime meets one true
 friend,
 Who cordially does sympathize
 In words, in action, heart and mind,
 My kind respects do not neglect,
 Aitho' my wealth or state be small,
 With a melting heart and a mournful eye,
 I beg the Lord be with you all.

My loving friends, I kiss your hands,
 For time invites me far to move;
 On your poor servant lay commands,
 Who is ambitious of your love.
 He, whose pow'r and might, both day
 and night,
 Governs the depths, makes rains to fall,
 To sun and moon gives course of light,
 Direct, protect, defend you all.

I do protest, within my breast,
 Your memory I'll not neglect;

On that record I'll lay arrest,
 Hell's fury shall not alter it.
 All I desire of earthly bliss,
 Is to be freed from guilt or thrall;
 I hope my God will grant me this:
 Good night, and God be with you all.

How imperfect is Expression.

HOW imperfect is expression
 Some emotions to impart,
 When we mean a soft confession,
 And yet seek to hide the smart.
 When our bosoms, all complying,
 With delicious tumults swell,
 And beat what broken fault'ring dying
 Language would, but cannot tell.

Deep confusions rosy terror
 Quite expressive, paints my cheek;
 Ask no more—behold your error,
 Blushes eloquently speak:
 What tho' silent is my anguish,
 Or breath'd only to the air;
 Mark my eyes, and, as they languish,
 Read what your's have written there.

O that you could once conceive me,
 Once my soul's strong feelings view;

Love has nought more fond, believe me,
 Friendship nothing half so true.
 For you I am wild, despairing,
 With you speechless as I touch,
 This is all that bears declaring,
 And perhaps declares too much.

John O' Badenyond.

[*By the Author of Tullochgorum.*]

WHEN first I came to be a man
 Of twenty years or so,
 I thought myself a handsome youth,
 And fain the world would know;
 In best attire I stept abroad,
 With spirits brisk and gay,
 And here and there, and every where,
 Was like a morn in May:
 No cares I had, nor fears of want,
 But rambled up and down,
 And for a beau I might have pass'd
 In country or in town;
 I still was pleas'd where'er I went,
 And when I was alone,
 I tun'd my pipe, and pleas'd myself,
 Wi' John o' Badenyond.

Now in the days of youthful prime
 A mistress I must find,
 For love, I heard, gave one an air,
 And ev'n improv'd the mind:

On Phillis fair, among the rest,
 Kind fortune fix'd my eyes,
 Her piercing beauties struck my heart,
 And she became my choice.
 To Cupid now, with hearty pray'r,
 I offer'd many a vow,
 And danc'd, and sung, and sigh'd, and swore,
 As other lovers do;
 But when at last I breath'd my flame,
 I found her cold as stone,
 I left the girl and tun'd my pipe
 To John o' Badenyond.

When love had thus my heart beguil'd
 With foolish hopes and vain,
 To friendship next I steer'd my course,
 And laugh'd at lovers' pain:
 A friend I got by lucky chance,
 'Twas something like divine,
 An honest friend's a precious gift,
 And such a gift was mine;
 And now whatever might betide,
 A happy man was I,
 In any strait I knew to whom
 I freely might apply.
 A strait soon came, my friend I try'd,
 He laugh'd and spurn'd my moan,
 I hy'd me home, and tun'd my pipe
 To John o' Badenyond.

Methought I should be wiser next,
 And would a patriot turn,
 Began to doat on Johnny Wilkes
 And cry'd up Parson Horn;
 'Their noble spirit I admir'd,
 And prais'd their manly zeal,
 Who had with flaming tongue and pen,
 Maintain'd the public weal;
 But ere a month or two was past,
 I found myself betray'd:
 'Twas self and party after all,
 For all the stir they made:
 At last I saw the factious knaves
 Insult the very throne,
 I curs'd them all and tun'd my pipe
 To John o' Badenyond.

What next to do I mus'd a while,
 Still hoping to succeed,
 I pitch on books and company,
 And gravely try'd to read;
 I bought and borrow'd ev'ry where,
 And studied night and day,
 Nor miss'd what Dean or Doctor wrote
 That happen'd in my way:
 Philosophy I now esteem'd
 The ornament of youth,
 And carefully thro' many a page
 I hunted after truth;

A thousand various schemes I try'd,
 And yet was pleas'd with none;
 I threw them by and tun'd my pipe
 To John o' Badenyond.

And now you youngsters ev'ry one
 That wish to make a show,
 Take heed in time, nor fondly hope
 For happiness below;
 What you may fancy pleasure here
 Is but an empty name,
 And girls and friends, and books and so,
 You'll find them all the same.
 Then be advis'd and warning take
 From such a man as me,
 I'm neither Pope, nor Cardinal,
 Nor one of low degree;
 You'll meet displeasure ev'ry where,
 Then do as I have done,
 E'en tune your pipe, and please yourself
 Wi' John o' Badenyond.

The Medium Way.

TO pass thro' life easy has still been my
 plan,
 My neighbours all call me a strict honest
 man;
 Old Medium's my name, and it ever is said
 I pay what I owe, and I hope to be paid.

If here in Barbadoes it should be my lot
 To find, as 'tis likely, the climate too hot,
 Their oily old rum and clear water they
 say

I should take mixt together in a snug medium way.

In a fair medium way I return good for
 evil,

To my friends I am kind, to my enemies
 civil;

No testy odd humours e'er lead me astray,
 And I'm ever polite in the old medium
 way.

When youthful love never tormented my
 breast,

And age now advancing inclines me to
 rest,

With spirits unruffled I trudge thro' the
 day,

And I'm always content in the old medium
 way.



Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch:

ROY'S wife of Aldivalloch,

Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,

Wat ye how she cheated me

As I came owre the braes o' Balloch:

She vow'd, she swore she wad be mine,
 She said she lo'ed me best of ony,
 But oh! the fickle, faithless queen,
 She's ta'en the carle and left her Johny.

O she was a canty quean,
 And weel cou'd dance a Highland walloch,
 How happy I had she been mine,
 Or I'd been Roy of Aldivalloch.

Her face fae fair, her een fae clear,
 Her wee bit mou' fae sweet and bonny,
 To me she ever will be dear,
 Tho' she's for ever left her Johny.



'Tis time enough yet.

A TERM full as long as the siege of old
 Troy,
 To win a sweet girl I my time did employ,
 Oft urg'd her the day for our marriage to
 set,
 As often she answer'd, 'Tis time enough
 yet.

I told her, at last, that her passions were
 wrong;
 And more, that I scorn'd to be fool'd with
 no long;

She burst out a-laughing at seeing me fret,
And, humming a tune, cry'd, 'Tis time
enough yet.

Determin'd by her to be laugh'd at no
more,
I flew from her presence, and bounc'd out
of door;
Resolv'd of her usage the better to get,
Or on her my eyes again never to set.

To me, the next morning, her maid came
in haste,
And earnestly begg'd I'd forget what was
past;
Declar'd her young lady did nothing but
fret:
I told her, I'd think on't—'Twas time
enough yet.

She next, in a letter as long as my arm,
Declar'd from her soul, she intended no
harm,
And begg'd I the day for our marriage
would set:—
I wrote her for answer—'Tis time enough

But that was scarce gone, when a message
I sent,
To shew, in my heart I began to relent.

I begg'd I might see her:—together we
met—

We kifs'd and were friends again;—so are
we yet.

Here awa, there awa.

HERE awa, there awa, here awa, Willie,
Here awa, there awa, here awa hame.

Lang have I fought thee, dear have I
bought thee,

Now I ha'e gotten my Willie again.

Through the lang muir I have follow'd
my Willie,

Through the lang muir I have follow'd
him hame:

Whatever betide us, nought shall divide
us;

Love now rewards all my sorrow and
pain.

Here awa, there awa, here awa, Willie,

Here awa, there awa, here awa hame;

Come love, believe me, nothing can grieve
me,

Alka thing pleases while Willy's at hame.

Saw ye nae my Peggy.

SAW ye nae my Peggy,
 Saw ye nae my Peggy,
 Saw ye nae my Peggy,
 Coming o'er the lee?

Sure a finer creature
 Ne'er was form'd by nature,
 So compleat each feature,
 So divine is she.

O how Peggy charms me,
 Ev'ry look still warms me,
 Ev'ry thought alarms me,
 Lest she love not me.

Peggy doth discover,
 Nought but charms all over,
 Nature bids me love her,
 That's a law to me.

Who would leave a lover,
 To become a rover?
 No, I'll ne'er give over,
 Till I happy be.
 For since love inspires me,
 As her beauty fires me,
 And her absence tires me,
 Nought can please but she.

When I hope to gain her,
 Fate seems to detain her,
 Could I but obtain her,
 Happy would I be!
 I'll ly down before her,
 Bless, sigh, and adore her,
 With faint looks implore her,
 'Till she pity me.

My Nanny, O.

WHILE some for pleasure pawn their
 health,

Twixt Lais and the Bagnio,
 I'll save myself, and without stealth,
 Bless and caress my Nanny, O.
 She bids more fair t'engage a Jove,
 Than Leda did, or Danae, O:
 Were I to paint the Queen of Love,
 None else should sit but Nanny, O.

How joyfully my spirits rise,
 When dancing she moves finely—O,
 I guess what heaven is by her eyes,
 Which sparkle so divinely—O.
 Attend my vow, ye gods, while I
 Breathe in the blest Britannia;
 None's happiness I shall envy,
 As long's ye grant me Nanny—O

My bonny, bonny Nanny—O,
 My lovely charming Nanny—O;
 I care not tho' the whole world know
 How dearly I love Nanny—O.

O'er Bogie.

I WILL awa' wi' my love,
 I will awa' wi' her,
 Tho' a' my kin had sworn and said,
 I'll o'er bogie wi' her.
 If I can get but her consent,
 I dinna care a strae;
 Tho' ilka ane be discontent,
 Awa' wi' her I'll gae.
 I will awa', &c.

For now she's mistress of my heart,
 And wordy of my hand,
 And well I wat we shanna part
 For filler or for land.
 Let rakes delyte to swear and drink,
 And beaus admire fine lace,
 But my chief pleasure is to blink
 On Betty's bonny face.
 I will awa', &c.

There a' the beauties do combine,
 Of colour, treats, and air,

The faul that sparkles in her een
 Makes her a jewel rare:
 Her flowing wit gives shining life
 To a' her other charms;
 How blest'd I'll be when she's my wife,
 And lock'd up in my arms!
 I will awa', &c.

There blythly will I rant and sing,
 While o'er her sweets I range,
 I'll cry, Your humble servant, King,
 Shame fa' them that wad change.
 A kifs of Betty and a smile,
 A'beit ye wad lay down
 The right ye hae to Britain's isle,
 And offer me ye'r crown.
 I will awa', &c.

*There's my Thumb I'll ne'er be-
 guile thee.*

My sweetest May, let love incline thee,
 T' accept a heart which he designs thee;
 And, as your constant slave, regard it,
 Syne for its faithfulness reward it.
 'Tis proof a-shot to birth or money,
 But yields to what is sweet and bonny;
 Receive it then with a kifs and a smily,
 There's my thumb 'twill ne'er beguile ye.

How tempting sweet these lips of thine
are,

Thy bosom white, and legs sae fine are,
That, when in pools I see thee clean 'em,
They carry away my heart between 'em.
I wish, and I wish, while it gaes duntin,
O gin I had thee on a mountain,
Though kith and kin and a' shou'd revile
thee,

There's my thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.

Alane through flow'ry hows I dander,
Tenting my flocks lest they shou'd wan-
der,

Gin thou'll gae alang, I'll dawt thee gay-
lie,

And gi'e my thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.

O my dear lassie, it is but daffin,

To ha'd thy wooer up ay niff-naffin.

That na, na, na, I hate it most vilely,

O say Yes, and I'll ne'er beguile thee.

The Mill, Mill—O.

BENEATH a green shade I fand a fair
maid,

Was sleeping sound and still—O;

A' lowan wi' love, my fancy did rove

Around her with good will—O;

Her bosom I press'd; but sunk in her rest,
 She stirr'dna my joy to spill—O:
 While kindly she slept, close to her I crept,
 And kiss'd, and kiss'd her my fill—O.

Oblig'd by command in Flanders to land,
 T'employ my courage and skill—O,
 Frae her quietly I staw, hoist sails and
 awa',

For the wind blew fair on the bill—O.
 Twa years brought me hame, where loud-
 fraising fame

Tald me with a voice right shrill—O,
 My las, like a fool, had mounted the stool,
 Nor kend wha had done her the ill—O.

Mair fond of her charms, with my son in
 her arms,

I ferlying speer'd how she fell—O.
 Wi' the tear in her eye, quoth she, Let
 me die,

Sweet Sir, gin I can tell—O. [hand,
 Love gave the command, I took her by the
 And bade her a' fears expel—O,
 And nae mair look wan, for I was the man
 Wha had done her the deed myfself—O.

My bonny sweet las, on the gowany
 grafs,

Beneath the Shilling-hill—O,

If I did offence, I'll make ye amends
 Before I leave Peggy's mill—O.
 O the mill, mill—O, and the kill, kill,—O,
 And the coggin of the wheel—O:
 'The sack and the sieve, a' that ye maun
 leave,
 And round with a sodger reel—O.

The Maltman.

THE Maltman comes on Munday,
 He craves wonder fair,
 Cries, " Dame, come gi'e me my filler,
 " Or malt ye fall ne'er get mair."
 I took him into the pantry,
 And gave him some good cock-broo,
 Syne paid him upon a gantree,
 As hostler-wives should do.

When maltmen come for filler,
 And gaugers with wands o'er soon,
 Wives, tak them a' down to the cellar,
 And clear them as I have done.
 This bewith, when cunzie is scanty,
 Will keep them frae making din;
 The knack I learn'd frae an auld aunty,
 The snackest of a' my kin.

The maltman is right cunning,
 But I can be as flee,

And he may crack of his winning,
 When he clears scores with me:
 For come when he likes, I'm ready;
 But if frae hame I be,
 Let him wait on our kind lady,
 She'll answer a bill for me.

Corn-riggs are bonny.

MY Patie is a lover gay,
 His mind is never muddy,
 His breath is sweeter than new hay,
 His face is fair and ruddy.
 His shape is handsome, middle size;
 He's stately in his wawking;
 The shining of his een surprise;
 'Tis heaven to hear him tawking.

Last night I met him on a bawk,
 Where yellow corn was growing,
 There mony a kindly word he spake,
 That set my heart a-glowing.
 He kifs'd and vow'd he wad be mine,
 And loo'd me best of ony;
 That gars me like to sing sinfyne,
O corn-riggs are bonny.

Let maidens of a silly mind
 Refuse what maist they're wanting,

Since we for yielding are design'd,
 We chafly should be granting;
 Then I'll comply and marry Pate,
 And syne my cockernony
 He's free to touzle air or late,
 Where corn-riggs are bonny.

The auld yellow-hair'd Laddie.

THE yellow-hair'd laddie fat down on
 yon brae,
 Cries, Milk the ewes, lassie, let nane of
 them gae;
 And ay she milked, and ay she sang,
 The yellow-hair'd laddie shall be my
 gudeman.
 And ay she milked, &c.

The weather is cauld, and my claithing
 is thin;
 The ewes are new clipped, they winna
 bught in:
 They winna bught in tho' I should die,
 O yellow-hair'd laddie, be kind to me.
 They winna bught in, &c.

The gudewife cries butt the house, Jenny,
 come ben;
 The cheefe is to mak, and the butter's to
 kirn.

Tho' butter, and cheefe, and a' shou'd
 four,
 I'll crack and kifs wi' my love ae ha'f-hour;
 It's ae ha'f-hour, and we's e'en make it
 three,
 For the yellow-hair'd laddie my husband
 shall be.

Duet in Rosina.

WILLIAM.

I'VE kifs'd and I've prattled with fifty
 fair maids,
 And chang'd 'em as oft, d'ye see!
 But of all the fair maidens that dance on
 the green,
 The maid of the mill for me.

PHOEBE.

There's fifty young men have told me fine
 tales,
 And call'd me the fairest she;
 But of all the gay wrestlers that sport on
 the green,
 Young Harry's the lad for me.

WILLIAM.

Her eyes are as black as the floe in the
 hedge,
 Her face like the blossom in May;

He teeth are as white as the new-shorn
flock,
Her breath like the new-made hay.

PHOEBE.

He's tall and he's straight as the poplar
tree,
His cheeks are as red as a rose;
He looks like a 'quire of high degree
When drest in his Sundays cloaths.

Phæbe. There's fifty young men, &c.

Will. I've kiss'd and I've prattled, &c.

Sally in our Alley.

OF all the girls that are so smart,
There's none like pretty Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley;
There's near a lady in the land
Is half so sweet as Sally,
For she's the darling of my heart,
And lives into our alley.

Her father he makes cabbage nets
For those that want to buy 'em,
Her mother she makes laces lang,
And thro' the streets does cry 'em:

But sure such folks could ne'er beget,
 Such a charming girl as Sally,
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.

When she is bye I leave my work,
 I love her so sincerely,
 My master comes like any Turk,
 And bangs me most severely:
 But let him bang his belly full,
 I'll bear it all for Sally,
 For she's the darling of my soul,
 And she lives in our alley.

Of all the days into the week,
 I dearly love but one day,
 And that's the day that comes between
 A Saturday and Monday;
 For then I'm drest all in my best,
 To walk abroad with Sally,
 For she's the darling of my soul,
 And she lives in our alley.

My master carries me to church,
 Where often I am blamed,
 Because I leave him in the lurch
 As soon as text is named,
 I leave the church in sermon time,
 And sink away to Sally,
 For she's the darling of my soul,
 And she lives in our alley.

My master and the neighbours all
 Make game of me and Sally,
 Wer't not for her I had better been
 A slave and row a galley:
 For when my seven long years are out,
 Why, then I'll marry Sally;
 Then we'll wed—and then we'll bed,
 But not into our alley.

Come under my Plaidy.

[AN ORIGINAL SCOTS SONG.]

“COME under my plaidy, the night's
 gaun to fa';

“Come in frae the cauld blast, the drift,
 and the snaw;

“Come under my plaidy, and lie down
 beside me;

“There's room in't, dear lassie! believe
 me, for twa.

“Come under my plaidy, and lie down
 beside me,

“I'll hap ye frae ev'ry cauld blast that will
 blaw:

“O come under my plaidy, and lie down
 beside me,

“There's room in't, dear lassie! believe
 me, for twa.

' Gae 'wa wi' your plaidy! auld Donald,
gae 'wa!

' I fear na' the cauld blast, the drift, nor
the sna':

' Gae 'wa wi' your plaidy! I'll no lie be-
side ye;

' Ye might be my gutchard; auld Donald,
gae 'wa!

' I'm gaun to meet Johnny, he's young and
he's bonny;

' He's been at Meg's bridal, fou trig and
fou brow!

' O there's nane dance fae lightly, fae
gracefu', fae tightly,

' His cheeks are like roses, his brow's like
the snaw.

" Dear MARION let that flee stick fast to
the wa;

" Your Jock's but a gowk, and has nae-
thing ava;

" The hale o' his pack, he has now on his
back;

" He's *thretty*, and I'm but *threescore and
two*!

" Be frank now and kindly: I'll bask you
ay finely;

" At kirk or at market they'll nane gang
fae bra';

"A bein' house to bide in, a chaise for to ride in,

"And flunkies to tend ye as fast as ye ca'."

'My father's say tell'd me, my mither and a',

'Ye'd mak' a gude husband, and keep me ay bra';

'It's true I lo'e Johnny, he's gude and he's bonny,

'But waes me! I ken he has *naething* ava!

'I hae little tocher; you've made a gude offer;

'I'm now mair than *twenty*; my time is but sma'!

'Sae gi'e me your plaidy; I'll creep in beside ye,

'I thought ye'd been aulder than *threescore and twa*!

She crap in ayont him, beside the stane wa',
Whar Johnny was list'ning, and heard her tell a'!

[dunted,

The *day* was appointed, his proud heart it
And strack 'gainst his side as if bursting in twa.

He wander'd hame weary, the night it was dreary!

And thowless, he tint his gate deep 'mang the fra';

The howlet was screaming, while Johnny
cried, "*Women*
Wad marry the devil, wad he keep them
bra'."

O the deel's in the lasses! sae fond to
gang bra',
'They'll lie down wi' auld men o' *FOUR-*
SCORE and *TWA*;
The hale o' this marriage, is gowd and a
carriage;
Plain *LUVE* is the cauldest blast now that
can bla'!

Yet dotards be wary, tak' tent wha ye
marry;
Young wives in their coaches will whip and
will ca';
'Till they'll meet wi' some Johnny, that's
youthfu' and bonny,
And he'll gi'e ye hornson ilk haffit to claw!

John Anderson, my Joe.

BY R. BURNS.

JOHN Anderson, my joe, John, I won-
der what you mean,
To rise so soon in the morning, and sit up
so late at e'en,

Ye'll blear out a' your een John, and
 why should you do so,
 Gang sooner to your bed at e'en, John
 Anderson, my joe.

John Anderson, my joe, John, whan na-
 ture first began

To try her canny hand, John, her master-
 work was *man*;

And you amang them a' John, so trig
 frae tap to toe,

She prov'd to be nae journey-work, John
 Anderson, my joe.

John Anderson, my joe, John, ye were my
 first conceit,

And ye need na think it strange, John, tho'
 I ca' ye trim and neat;

Tho' some fock say ye're auld, John, I
 never think ye so,

But I think y'ere ay the same to me,
 John Anderson, my joe.

John Anderson, my joe, John, we've seen
 our bairns' bairns,

And yet my dear, John Anderson, I'm
 happy in your arms,

And sae are ye in mine, John, I'm fure
 ye'll ne'er say no,

Tho' the days are gane that we hae seen,
 John Anderson, my joe.

John Anderson, my joe, John, what pleasure does it gie,
 To see sae many sprouts, John, spring up
 'tween you and me,
 And ilka lad and lass, John, in our foot-
 steps to go,
 Makes perfect heaven here on earth, John
 Anderson, my joe.

John Anderson, my joe, John, when we
 were first acquaint,
 Your locks were like the raven, your bon-
 ny brow was brent;
 But now your head's turn'd bald, John,
 your locks are like the snow,
 Yet blessings on your frosty pow, John
 Anderson, my joe.

John Anderson, my joe, John, frae year to
 year we've past,
 And soon that year maun come, John, will
 bring us to our last;
 But let na' that affright us John, our hearts
 were ne'er our foe,
 While in innocent delight we liv'd, John
 Anderson, my joe.

John Anderson, my joe, John, we clamb
 the hill thegither,
 And mony a canty day, John, we've had
 wi' ane anither;

Now we maun totter down, John, but
 hand in hand we'll go,
 And we'll sleep thegither at the foot, John
 Anderson, my joe.

O wat ye wha's in yon Town.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

O WAT ye wha's in yon town,
 Ye see the e'ening sun upon?
 The dearest maid's in yon town,
 That e'ening sun is shining on.

Now haply, down yon gay green shaw,
 She wanders by yon spreading tree,
 How blest ye flow'rs that round her blaw!
 Ye catch the glances o' her ee.

How blest ye birds that round her sing,
 And wanton in the blooming year;
 But doubly welcome be the spring,
 The season to my Jeanie dear.

The sun blinks blyth on yon town,
 Amang the broomy braes fae green;
 But my delight in yon town,
 And dearest pleasure, is my Jean.

Without my fair, not a' the charms
 O' paradise could yield me joy;

But gi'e me Jeanie in my arms,
And welcome Lapland's dreary sky.

My cave would be a lover's bower;
Though raging winter rent the air,
And she a lovely little flower
That I would tent and shelter there.

O sweet is she in yon town
The sinking sun's gaun down upon.
The dearest maid's in yon town
His setting beam e'er shone upon.

If angry fate be sworn my foe,
And suff'ring, I am doom'd to bear,
I'd careless quit ought else below:
But spare, oh! spare my Jeanie dear.

For while life's dearest blood runs warm,
My thoughts frae her shall ne'er depart;
For as most lovely is her form,
She has the truest, kindest heart.

Mary of Castle-Cary.

"SAW ye my wee Thing? Saw ye mine
ain Thing?"

"Saw ye my true love down by yon lee

" Cross'd she the meadow, yestreen at the
gloaming?

" Sought she the burnie whar flow'rs
the haw-tree?

" Her hair it is lint-white! Her skin it is
milk-white!

" Dark is the blue of her fast rolling e'e!

" Red red her ripe lip is, and sweeter
than roses!

" Whar could my wee Thing wander
frae me?"

' I saw na your wee Thing, I saw na your
ain Thing,

' Nor saw I your true Love down by
yon lee;

' But I met a bonny Thing late in the
gloaming,

' Down by the burnie whar flow'rs the
haw-tree.

' Her hair it was lint-white, her skin it
was milk white,

' Dark was the blue o' her fast rolling
e'e!

' Red war her ripe lips, and sweeter than
roses!

' Sweet war the kisses that she gae to
me!

"It was na my wee Thing! It was na
mine ain Thing!

"It was na my true Love ye met by
the tree!

"Proud is her leal heart, and modest her
nature,

"She never loo'd Le-man till ance she
loo'd me.

"Her name it is Mary, she's frae Castle-
Cary,

"Aft has she sat, when a bairn, on my
knee!

"Fair as your face is, war't fifty times
fairer,

"Young Braggart, she ne'er wad gie
kisses to thee!"

"It was then *your* Mary, she's frae Castle-
Cary,

"It was then *your* true Love I met by
the tree!

"Proud as her heart is, and modest her
nature,

"Sweet war the kisses that she gae to
me!"

Sair gloom'd his dark brow, blood-red his
cheek grew,

Wild flash'd the fire, frae his red roll-
ing e'e;

"Ye's rue fair this morning, your boasting and scorning;

"Defend ye, fause traitor, for loudly ye lie!"

'Awa wi' beguiling,' then cried the youth smiling;

Aff gaed the bonnet; the lint-white locks flee;

The belted plaid fa'ing, her white bosom shawing,

Fair stood the lov'd Maid wi' the dark rolling e'e.

"Is it my *wee Thing*? Is it mine ain Thing?"

"Is it my true Love here that I see?"

'O Jamie! forgie me, your heart's constant to me;

'I'll never mair wander, my true Love, frae thee.'

Lizy Liberty.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

Tune—*Tibby Fowler in the Glen.*

THERE lives a lassie on the brae,

O! but she's a bonny creature;

They ca' her Lizy Liberty,

And mony ane's wooing at her.

Wooring at her, fain wad hae her,
 Courting at, but canna get her;
 Bonny Lizy Liberty,
 There's o'er mony wooring at her.

Her mither wears a plettit mutch,
 Her father is an honest dyker,
 An' she herself's a thumping dame,
 Ye winna shaw me mony like her,
 Wooring at her, &c.

A pleasant lass she's kent to be,
 Wi' fouth of sense and smeddum in her,
 There's no a swanky far or near,
 But tries wi' a' his might to win her.
 Wooring at her, &c.

But sweet and pleasant as she is,
 She winna thole the marriage tether,
 But likes to rant and rove about,
 Like highland couts among the hether.
 Wooring at her, &c.

It's seven years and somewhat mair,
 Sin' Matthew Dutch made courtship till
 her;
 A merchant bluff, ayont the burn,
 Wi' heaps o' breeks and bags o' filler,
 Wooring at her, &c.

The next to him was Baltic John,
 Stept up the brae and keeket at her,
 Syne turn'd as great a fool's he came,
 And in a day or twa forgat her.

Wooring at her, &c.

Now Lawrie French has ta'en the whim,
 To tofs his airs, and frisk about her;
 And Malcolm Fleeming puffs and fwears
 He disna' value life without her.

Wooring at her, &c.

They've casten out wi' a' their kin,
 Thinking that wad gar them get her;
 Yet after a' the fash they've ta'en,
 They maybe winna be the better.

Wooring at her, &c.

But Donald Scot's the happy lad,
 Wha seems to be the coshest wi' her;
 He never fails to get a kiss,
 As aften as he likes to see her.

Wooring at her, &c.

But Donald, tak' a friend's advice,
 Altho' I ken ye fain wad hae her,
 E'en just be doing as you are,
 And ha'd wi' what ye're getting frae her.

Wooring at her, &c.

Ye're well, and wats nae, as we say,
 In getting leave to dwell beside her;
 And gin ye had her mair your ain,
 Ye'd maybe find it war to guide her.
 Wooing at her, &c.

Ah! Lawrie, ye've debauch'd the las,
 Wi' vile new-fangled tricks ye've play'd
 her;
 Deprav'd her morals;—like an afs,
 Ye've courted her, an' fyne betray'd her.
 Wi' hanging of her, burning of her,
 Cutting, hacking, flasing at her;
 Bonny Lizy Liberty,
 May ban the day ye ettl'd at her:

Willy's rare and Willy's fair.

WITH tuneful pipe and merry glee,
 Young Willy won my heart;
 A blyther swain ye cou'dna see,
 All beauty without art.

Willy's rare, and Willy's fair,
 And Willy's wond'rous bonny,
 And Willy says he'll marry me,
 Gin e'er he'll marry ony.

came you by yon water side?
 Pull'd you the rose or lily;

Or came you by yon meadow green?
 Or saw you my sweet Willy?
 Willy's rare, and Willy's fair, &c.

Sin' now the trees are in their bloom,
 And flow'rs spread o'er ilka field,
 I'll meet my lad among the broom;
 And lead him to my summer's shield.
 Willy's rare, and Willy's fair, &c.

Jem of Aberdeen.

THE tuneful lav'rocks cheer the grove,
 And sweetly smells the summer green,
 Now o'er the mead I love to rove,
 Wi' bonny Jem of Aberdeen.

Bonny Jem of Aberdeen,
 Bonny Jem of Aberdeen,
 Now o'er the mead I love to rove,
 Wi' bonny Jem of Aberdeen.

Whene'er we sit beneath the broom,
 Or wander o'er the lee,
 He's always wooing, wooing, wooing,
 Always wooing me.

Whene'er we sit beneath the broom,
 Or wander, &c.

He's fresh and fair as flow'rs in May,
 The blithest lad of a' the green,

How sweet the time will pass away,
 Wi' bonny Jem of Aberdeen.
 Whene'er we sit, &c.

Wi' joy I leave my father's cot,
 Wi' ilka sport of glen or green,
 Well pleas'd to share the humble lot
 Of bonny Jem of Aberdeen.
 Whene'er we sit, &c.



By the Gaily Circling Glass.

BY the gaily circling glass
 We can see how minutes pass,—
 By the hollow flask are told
 How the waning night grows old.
 Soon, too soon, the busy day
 Drives us from our sports away:
 What have we with day to do?
 Sons of care—'twas made for you.

By the silence of the owl,
 By the chirping on the thorn,
 By the butts that empty roll,
 We foretel th' approach of morn.
 Fill, then, fill the vacant glass,
 Let no precious moment slip;
 Flout the moralizing as;
 Joys find entrance at the lip.

There's nae Luck about the House.

AND are ye sure the news is true?

And are ye sure he's weel?

Is this a time to ta'k of wark?

Mak haste! set by your wheel!

Is this a time to ta'k of wark,

When Colin's at the door?

Gie me my cloak, I'll to the quey,

And see him come ashore.

For there's nae luck about the house,

There's nae luck ava;

There's little pleasure in the house,

When our Goodman's awa.

Rise up and mak a clean fire-side,

Put on the muckle pat;

Gie little Kate her cotton gown,

And Jock his Sunday's coat;

And mak their shoon as black as slaes,

Their hose as white as snaw,

It's a' to please my ain Goodman;

For he s been lang awa.

For there's nae luck, &c.

There is twa hens upon the bank,

'S been fed this month and mair;

Mak haste and thraw their necks about,

That Colin weel may fare;

And spread the table neat and clean;
 Gar ilka thing look bra';
 It's a' for love of my Goodman;
 For he's been lang awa.
 For there's nae luck, &c.

O gie me down my bigonets,
 My Bishop fattin gown;
 For I maun tell the Bailie's wife,
 That Colin's come to town;
 My Sunday's shoon they maun gae on,
 My hose o' pearl blue,
 It's a' to please my ain Goodman;
 For he's baith leal and true.
 For there's nae luck, &c.

Sae true's his words, sae smooth's his
 speech,
 His breath like canler air,
 His very foot has music in't,
 When he comes up the stair;
 And will I see his face again?
 And will I hear him speak?
 I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought;
 In troth, I'm like to greet.
 For there's nae luck, &c.

The could blasts of the winter wind,
 That thrilled thro' my heart,
 They're a' blawn by, I hae him safe,
 Till we'll never part;

But what puts parting in my head?

It may be far awa;
The present moment is our ain;
The neist we never saw.

For there's nae luck, &c

Since Colin's weel, I'm weel content,

I hae nae mair to crave;
Could I but live to mak him blest,
I'm blest aboon the lave;
And will I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought;
In troth I'm like to greet.

For there's nae luck, &c.

Tam Glen.

MY heart is a breaking, dear Tittie,

Some counsel unto me come len,

To anger them a' is a pity,

But what will I do wi' Tam Glen?

I'm thinking wi' sic a braw fellow,

In poortith I-might mak' a fen,

What care I in riches to wallow,

If I manna marry Tam Glen.

What care I in riches, &c.

There's Lowrie the laird o' Dumeller,

"Gude day to you brats, the comes he,"

He brags and he blaws o' his filler,
 But when will he dance like Tam Glen.
 My Minnie does constantly deave me,
 And bids me beware o' young men;
 They flatter, she says, to deceive me,
 But wha can think fae o' Tam Glen.
 They flatter, &c.

My Daddie says gin I'll forsake him,
 He'll gie me gude hunder marks ten,
 But if it's ordain'd I maun tak' him,
 O wha will I get but Tam Glen.
 Yestreen at the Valentines dealing,
 My heart to my mou, gied a stien;
 For thrice I drew ane without failing,
 And thrice it was written, Tam Glen.
 For thrice, &c.

The last Hallowe'en I was waukin,
 My drouket fark-sleeve, as ye ken,
 His likeness cam' up the house staukin,
 And the very grey brecks o' Tam Glen.
 Come counsel, dear Tittie, don't tarry;
 I'll gie you my bonny black hen,
 Gif ye will advise me to marry,
 The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.
 Gif ye will, &c.

Bonny Dundee.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

O WHAR gat ye that bonny blue bonnet?
O silly blind body canna ye see?

I gat it frae a bonny Scots Callan,
Atween Saint - Johnston and bonny
Dundee.

And O! gin I saw but the Laddie that
gae me't,

Fu' aft has he doudled me on o' his knee:
But now he's awa, and I dinna ken whar
he's:

O! gin he was back to his Minny and me.

My heart has nae room when I think on
my dawty,

His dear rosy haffets bring tears in my e'e.
But now he's awa, and I dinna ken whar
he's,

Gin we cou'd anse meet, we's ne'er part
till we dee.

And O! gin I saw but my bonny Scots
Callan,

Fu' aft has he doudled me on o' his knee;
But now he's awa, and I dinna ken whar
he's,

O! gin he was back to his Minny and me.

I'll never leave thee.

ONE day I heard Mary say,
 How shall I leave thee?
 Stay, dearest Adonis, stay,
 Why wilt thou grieve me?
 Alas! my fond heart will break
 If thou shou'dst leave me;
 I'll live and die for thy sake,
 Yet never leave thee.

Say, lovely Adonis, say,
 Has Mary deceiv'd thee?
 Did e'er her young heart betray
 New love to grieve thee?
 My constant mind ne'er shall stray;
 Thou may believe me;
 I'll love thee, lad, night and day,
 And never leave thee.

Adonis, my charming youth,
 What can relieve thee?
 Can Mary thy anguish soothe?
 This breast shall receive thee.
 My passion can ne'er decay,
 Never deceive thee:
 Delight shall drive pain away,
 Pleasure revive thee.

But leave thee, leave thee, lad,
 How shall I leave thee!
 O that thought makes me sad;
 I'll never leave thee.
 Where would my Adonis fly?
 Why does he grieve me?
 Alas! my poor heart will die,
 If I should leave thee.

The Highland Laddie.

THE lawland lads think they are fine;
 But O they're vain and idly gaudy!
 How much unlike that gracefu' mien,
 And manly looks of my highland laddie?

O my bonny, bonny highland laddie,
 My handsome, charming highland laddie;
 May Heaven still guard, and Love reward
 Our lawland lads and her highland laddie.

If I were free at will to chuse
 To be the wealthiest lawland lady,
 I'd take young Donald without trews,
 With bonnet blue, and belted plaidy.
 O my bonny, &c.

The brawest beau in burrows-town,
 In a' his airs with art made ready,

Compar'd to him he's but a clown;
 He's finer far in's tartan plaidy.
 O my bonny, &c.

O'er benty hill with him I'll run,
 And leave my lawland kin and daddy;
 Frae winter's cauld and summer's sun,
 He'll screen me with his highland plaidy.
 O my bonny, &c.

A painted room, and filken bed,
 May please a lawland laird and lady;
 But I can kiss and be as glad,
 Behind a bush in's highland plaidy.
 O my bonny, &c.

Few compliments between us pass,
 I ca' him my dear highland laddie;
 And he ca's me his lawland lass,
 Syne rows me in beneath his plaidy,
 O my bonny, &c.

Nae greater joy I'll e'er pretend,
 Than that his love prove true and steady,
 Like mine to him, which ne'er shall end,
 While Heaven preserves my highland
 laddie.
 O my bonny, &c.

The Days of Langsyne.

WHEN war had broke in on the peace
 of auld men,
 And frae Chelsea to arms, they were sum-
 mon'd again;
 Twa Vetrans grown grey, wi' their mus-
 kets fair foil'd,
 Wi' a sigh! were relating how hard they
 had toil'd. [cline,
 'The drum it was beating, to fight they in-
 But ay they look'd back to the days of
 langsyne.

Eh! Davie man, weel thou remembers the
 time,
 When twa brisk young callands, and just
 in our prime,
 The Prince led us, conquer'd, and shew'd
 us the way,
 And mony a bra' chield we turn'd cauld
 on that day; [of mine,
 Still again would I venture this auld trunk
 Cou'd our general but lead, and we fight
 as langsyne.

But garrison duty is a' we can do,
 Tho' our arms are worn weak, yet our
 hearts are still true.

We car'd na for dangers by land, or by sea,
For time is turn'd coward, and no you and
me.

And tho' at our fate we may sadly repine,
Youth winna return, nor the strength of
langsyne.

When after our conquests it joys me to
mind,

How thy Jane carefs'd thee, and my Meg
was kind. [hard,

They shar'd of our danger, tho' ever so
And wear'd na for plunder, when sic our
ward.

Even now they're resolv'd both their
homes to resign,

And will share the hard fate they were
us'd to langsyne.

Caledonian Hunts Delight.

YE Banks and braes of bonny Doune,

How can you bloom so fresh and fair?

Ye little birds you'll break my heart

While I'm so weary full of care.

You'll break my heart, ye little birds,

That want and warble thro' the thorn:

It minds me of departed joys,

Departed never to return.

Oft have I roam'd by bonny Doune,
 To see the rose and woodbine twine;
 Where ilka bird sung o'er its note,
 And fae did I the fame of mine.
 Wi' heartsome glee I pu'd a rose,
 A rose out of yon thorny tree;
 But my false love has stol'n the rose,
 And left the thorn behind to me.

Rule Britannia.

WHEN Britain first at Heav'n's com-
 mand,

Arose from out the azure main,
 Arose, &c.

This was the charter, the charter of the
 land,

And guardian angels sung the strain;

CHORUS.

Rule Britannia, Britannia rule the
 waves,

For Britons never will be slaves.

The nations, not so blest as thee,

Must in their turn to tyrants fall.

Must, &c.

Whilst thou shalt flourish, shalt flourish
 great and free,

The dread and envy of them all.

Rule Britannia, &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise—

More dreadful from each foreign
stroke,

More, &c.

As the loud blast, loud blast that tears the
skies,

Serves but to root thy native oak.

Rule Britannia, &c.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;

All their attempts to bend thee down,

All their, &c.

Will but arouse, arouse thy gen'rous flame,

And work their woe, and thy renown.

Rule Britannia, &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign,—

Thy cities shall with commerce shine,

Thy cities, &c.

All thine shall be, shall be the subject
main,

And ev'ry shore it circles thine.

Rule Britannia, &c.

The Muses, still with freedom found,

Shall to thy happy coast repair,

Shall, &c.

Elest isle! with beauty, with matchless
beauty crown'd,

And manly hearts to guard the fair.

Rule Britannia, &c.

Hearts of Oak.

COME, cheer up, my lads, 'tis to glory
 we steer,
 To add something new to this wonderful
 year;
 To honour we call you, don't press you
 like slaves,
 For who are so free as the sons of the
 waves?

Hearts of oak are our ship, jolly tars
 are our men,
 We always are ready,
 Steady, boys, steady:
 We'll fight and we'll conquer again and
 again.

We ne'er meet our foes but we wish them
 to stay:
 They never meet us, but they wish us a-
 way:
 If they run, then we follow, and run them
 a-shore, [more.
 And if they won't fight us, we cannot do
 They swear they'll invade these terri-
 ble foes,
 They frighten our women, our children
 and beaux:

But should their flat bottoms in darkness
 get o'er,
 Still Britons they'll find to receive them on
 shore.

We'll still make them run, and we'll still
 make them sweat,
 In spite of the devil, and Brussels gazette:
 Then cheer up, my lads, with one voice
 let us sing,
 Our soldiers, our sailors, our statesmen,
 and king.

'Twas You Sir.

'Twas you Sir, 'twas you Sir,
 (I tell you nothing new Sir)

'Twas you that kiss'd the pretty girl,
 'Twas you Sir, you!

'Tis true Sir, 'tis true Sir,
 You look so very blue Sir,

'Twas you that kiss'd the pretty girl,
 'Twas you, 'tis true.

O Sir! no Sir!

No, no, no, no, no Sir;

How can you wrong me so Sir?

I did not kiss the pretty girl,

But I know who.

THE END.



CONTENTS.

A FLAXEN headed cow-boy,	6
A voyage over seas, &c.	5
A term full as long as the siege, &c.	80
And are ye sure the news is true,	111
Bright Phœbus has mounted, &c.	8
By Logan's streams that runs sae deep,	9
Beneath a green shade, &c.	87
By the gaily circling glass,	110
Come gi'e's a fang, the lady cry'd,	1
Come, come, my jolly lads,	10
Come under my plaidy,	95
Come, cheer up, my lads, &c.	123
Dear Tom, this brown jug, &c.	11
From night till morn I take my glass,	4
For England, when, with fav'ring gale,	4
Farewell to Lochaber, &c.	12
Go patter to lubbers and swabs, &c.	14
Gin I had a wee house, &c.	16

CONTENTS.

Her mouth, which a smile,	17
How stands the glass aroud,	62
How pleasant a sailer's life passes,	65
How blyth was I ilk' morn to see,	67
How happy's he, whoe'er he be,	73
How imperfect is expression,	74
Here awa, there awa, &c.	82
<i>the Airie crew</i>	
I sail'd from the Downs, &c.	18
In my pleasant native plains,	20
In April, when primroses, &c.	48
I've seen the smiling of Fortune, &c.	72
I will awa wi' my love,	85
I've kiss'd and I've prattled, &c.	92
John Anderson, my joe,	98
Let care be a stranger, &c.	20
Ma where amie, my charming fair,	23
My sweetest May, let love incline thee	86
My Patie is a lover gay,	90
My heart is a breaking dear Titty	113
O Logie of Buchan, &c.	24
O say, simple maid, &c.	25
On Etrick banks, in a summer's night	27
O Sandy! why leav'st thou thy Nelly,	28
On Afric's wild plains, &c.	52
O Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,	68
Of all the girls that are so smart,	93

CONTENTS.

O wat ye wha's in yon town,	101
O whar got ye that bonny blue bonnet	115
One day I heard Mary say,	116
Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,	79
See the course throng'd, &c.	29
Sweet Poll of Plymouth was my dear,	31
Somehow my spindle I mislaid,	32
Saw ye nae my Peggy,	83
Saw ye my wee Thing, &c.	102
The las of Peaty's mill,	33
The moon had climb'd the highest hill	34
The moment Aurora, &c.	35
There's nought but care on every han'	37
"I was in that season of the year,	39
"I was within a mile of Edinburgh, &c.	40
There was a jolly miller once	41
The wealthy fool with gold in store,	42
The top-sail flutters in the wind,	43
The last time I came o'er the muir,	44
The smiling morn, the breathing spring	46
The fields were green, &c.	47
The silver moon's enamour'd beam,	63
Though prudence may press me,	65
The summer it was smiling,	69
To pass thro' life easy, &c.	78
The Maltman comes on Munday,	82
The yellow hair'd laddie, &c.	91

CONTENTS.

There lives a lassie on the brae,	105
The tuneful lav' rocks cheer the grove,	109
The lawland lads think they are fine,	117
'Twas you Sir, 'twas you Sir,	124
Up amang yon clifffy rocks,	50
What beauties does Flora disclose,	51
While the lads in the village, &c.	54
While up the shrouds the sailor goes,	55
When trees did bud, &c.	56
Will ye gang o'er the lee-rig,	57
When I think on this warld's pelf,	58
We bipeds made up of frail clay,	59
Will ye go to the ewe-bughts Marion,	60
When weary Sol gaed down the west,	61
When first I came to be a man	75
While some for pleasure, &c.	84
With tuneful pipe and merry glee,	108
When war had broke in, &c.	119
When Britain first at Heav'n's, &c.	121
Ye banks and braes of bonny Doune,	120



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